

P O E M S

B Y

*A B. PORTAL.*



# P O E M S

B Y

*A B.* P O R T A L.

*Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And soothe the throbbing passions into peace.*

THOMPSON.



L O N D O N:  
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E R R A T A.

- Page 52, line 3d, for *pendant*, read *pendent*.  
Page 120, last line but 3, for *disdain'd*, read *distain'd*.  
Page 128, line 15, for *Nupial*, read *Nuptial*.  
Page 142 and 140, on the top, for *Morning Hymn*, read  
*Morning Elegy*.  
Page 166, last line, for *spread*, read *speed*.  
Page 169, line 1, for *rocky*, read *chalky*.  
Page 176, line 3, for *cultur'd*, read *cultur'd*.  
Page 190, note at the bottom, 3d line, for *thy*, read *the*.  
Page 260, Ismeno's second speech, for *pris'ners*, read *pris'nr's*.

DEDI-

DEDICATORY VERSES

DEDICATORY VERSES

TO

RICH. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq.

A MID the clash of arms and flame of war,  
Theatric genius drives her painted car ;  
And while o'er half the globe mad tumults rage,  
Her sportive triumphs decorate the stage :  
The peaceful bays midst warlike laurels spring,  
Those crown our Poet, as these crown our King.

For tragic rage immortal Shakespeare long  
Had render'd Britain matchless with his song :  
Each passion subject to its high controul,  
He rais'd at will a whirlwind in the soul ;  
While Europe's bards, at humble distance, round  
Astonish'd heard his thunders aweful sound.

A

In

10 DEDICATORY VERSES

In Rowe's soft verse and Otway's melting strain,  
The muse of pity gave delicious pain,  
While drooping Loves, and weeping Graces shed  
Rich balms and odours o'er the fabled dead.

Nor did the Comic muse disdain our shore,  
The palm of wit deservedly she bore,  
When Villiers' satire lash'd the faulty stage,  
And Brentford's Kings in critic wars engage ;  
When Johnson's sober humour charm'd the pit,  
And Congreve's genius flash'd redundant wit :  
When flippant coxcombs blush'd to be outdone  
In modish airs by Cibber's Foppington.

Yet not unrivall'd in Thalian arts,  
The Gallic muse an equal name imparts,  
While Moliere's chaste and genuine humour shines,  
A gem high-polish'd from Parnassian mines.  
Terence and Plautus, smiling from above,  
Beheld the bard their brightest scenes improve,  
And Europe's polish'd courts his fame advance,  
Wooing in foreign strains the muse of France.

By Heav'n decreed in arms and arts to shine,  
At length Britannia claims the wreath divine :

The

To RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. 11

The Comic muse no longer dubious smiles,  
But with her chaplet crowns the Queen of Isles ;  
While genius, wit, and each dramatic rule  
United shine in *Scandal's* moral School ;

Where characters assume their varied hue,  
To season, sentiment, and nature true,  
Freed from the jest impure, and low conceit,  
Gracefully gay, and elegantly neat :  
While happy situations rise between,  
And to full glee improve the mirthful scene.

Grave ones may preach, philosophers dispute,  
But merry Momus strikes the pedant mute ;  
Above hypocrisy's seductive pow'rs,  
He mends the heart, and makes true wisdom ours.

The critic rules are best by *humour* taught,  
Flaccus may *point*, Scriblerus *cures* the fault.  
And *Puff* may ev'n the stagyrite excel  
By proving the reverse of writing well.

Yet not content the scenic art to raise,  
You shade the honour'd actor's urn with bays ;  
And though the baseless fabric of his art  
To unembodied shadows must depart,

In-

12 DEDICATORY VERSES, &c.

Inscrib'd in golden lines, his fame shall live,  
And share his deathless bard's prerogative.

Henceforth, absolving fate I'll ne'er repine,  
Since you vouchsafe to shield my feeble line.  
Let fortune frown, or let her minions blame,  
Your smile is honour, and your favour fame.

Should learned\* Newcombe, wisdom's sacred child,  
Upon these labours beam a sentence mild;  
Should gen'rous † Hodges condescend to say  
“I neither scorn the poet or his lay”,  
And polish'd Langhorne, bending from his sphere,  
Complacent view my tributary tear,  
Above this speck on fancy's plume I'd soar,  
Brave my hard lot, and seek for fame no more.

\* Ld Bishop of Waterford.

† T. Hodges, Esq. Derbyshire.

## DEDICATORY STANZAS

TO THE  
Rev. Mr. CARTWRIGHT, M. A.

AUTHOR OF  
*ARMINÉ AND ELVIRÀ,*  
A LEGENDARY TALE.

Prefixed to *NUPTIAL ELEGIES*, printed  
ann. Dom. 1775.

SAY, gentle bard, in whose mellifluous strain  
Unlabour'd speaks the language of the heart,  
In whose soft tale we suffer ARMINÉ's pain,  
And *feel* the rage his sudden joys impart;

Thou, who so well canst others passion move,  
Say, from what source deriv'd, that magic power?  
Swells not thy bosom with those streams of love,  
Which on our minds in such profusion shower?

-SUN

B

Three

## 2 DEDICATORY STANZAS

Thrice happy fair, whose well-directed ray  
Could single merit from the specious kind !  
Thrice happy youth, who could so well convey  
The tend'rest passion to the purest mind !

Can thy large heart, already running o'er  
With ev'ry rapture \* HYMEN can bestow,  
Expanding still, make gen'rous room for more,  
And, greatly, with a foreign transport glow ?

Ah then ! disdain not on our hornely cot  
To cast that glance which no distinction makes,  
But marks alike the prince and peasant's lot,  
And ev'ry joy of ev'ry state partakes.

Through all the seasons of life's happy year,  
So may that bliss to faithful CORIN known,  
Revolving in a more propitious sphere,  
Exalted and refined, become thy own !

*London, Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> 1774.*

\* The Author of ARMINA, &c. is, since the publication of that poem,  
married and become a father.

N U P-

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## NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

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### ELEGY I.

F R U I T O N.

OMNIA NUNC RIDENT.

**A**rray'd in various hues, the morning rose,  
While fresh'ning zephyrs fann'd the buxom  
air,  
On ev'ry bush the radiant dew-drop glows,  
And warbling songsters charm the fiend of care.

The hills, the dales, the streams, the budding groves,  
Reflect the rays of youthful PHOEBUS' smile;  
Rous'd by young joy, the graces and the loves  
Weave the fond dance that softens ev'ry toil.

4 — NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

In ev'ry copse, in ev'ry shelter'd vale,  
To CYPRIAN VENUS flow'ry altars rise,  
Responsive hills prolong the lover's tale,  
Sequester'd shades indulge the lover's sighs.

But not to vent the murmurs of his woes,  
Enamour'd CORIN tun'd his matin lay,  
From SILVIA's love-encircling arms he rose,  
Blythe as from THETIS' bed the god of day.

Forgotten now were all his tortures past,  
His restless nights, and days of am'rous pain,  
His jealous fears committed to the blast,  
Or lost amidst the flow'rs of HYMEN's chain.

His full heart swol'n with raptures sweet and strong,  
He sought the devious wild to give it ease ;  
The devious wild, as conscious of his song,  
With all its echoes gave it to the breeze.

“ Hail fair auspicious hours !” hence happy all,  
It matters not if swift or slow ye move,  
Dance as ye list around this changeful ball,  
While I retain possession of my love.

Whe-

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 5

Whether, attended by the vernal quires  
And crown'd with flowers, ye wing your rapid way,  
Or scorch'd in summer's fierce meridian fires,  
Ye labour up the steep ascent of day :

Or, laughing, rove o'er autumn's golden plains,  
And dance and pipe and press the luscious vine ;  
Or drag with languor winter's icy chains,  
And at his long--long--darksome nights repine :

To me alike——full and complete, my joys  
Nor spring can raise, nor summer's heats depress ;  
Possess'd of wealth immense in SILVIA's eyes,  
Can autumn's stores improve my happiness ?

Nor can the darkest frown of winter's gloom  
The least obstruction to my pleasures prove,  
My SILVIA's smiles could gild the dreary tomb,  
And all his nights are too too short for love.

Who could have thought---but hold my swelling  
heart,  
And let the rapt'rous tumult have its way,——  
The frozen fair that caus'd such tedious smart,  
Should all that smart with warmest love repay ?

Who

6 NUPITAL ELEGIES.

Who could have thought those looks of cruel scorn,  
Those angry glances darted from her eye,  
Were not the inmates of her bosom born,  
But only feign'd her lover's faith to try ?

That in her lovely breast soft pity dwelt,  
And sighs respondent pled for CORIN's pain,  
That at his flame her gentle heart could melt,  
And the soft impress of his love retain ?

United now in HYMEN's sacred bands,  
No more she seeks her inmost soul to hide ;  
Our hopes, our fears, our joys, our hearts, our hands,  
Are all in everlasting union tied.

Ye lofty sons of mad ambition, say,  
Can pow'r such raptures on the mind bestow ?  
Could ye attain to universal sway,  
Would e'er your hearts such tender transports know ?

High rais'd equality's fair mounds above,  
Excluded ev'ry social dear delight,  
Can awe or flatt'ry, like the rays of love,  
Brighten the day and make a heav'n of night ?

Ye

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 7

Ye shades, ye streams, that witness'd to my pain,  
Oft shall ye now the blest reverse behold,  
As arm in arm we range the flow'ry plain,  
And view the ev'ning \* "close in streaks of gold."

When by our side, perhaps, O rapt'rous hours !  
The little pledges of our love shall play,  
And from your borders pilf'ring gaudy flow'rs,  
With harmless sports conclude their harmless day;

What joy to see their little passions rise,  
Which, rightly form'd to ev'ry virtue lead !  
What joy to point them to the smiling skies,  
Where ev'ry virtue meets its proper meed !

Can time, can chance, nature's best law controul,  
Or shake a passion fix'd on reason's base,  
Root from my breast the charmer of my soul,  
Or plant another's image in her place ?

\* Vide Dr. Langhorn's beautiful elegies entitled, "Visions of Fancy."

Ah,

8 NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

Ah, no ! nor can my dearest SILVIA's heart,  
Where tenderness and truth and virtue dwell,  
From her fond vows to CORIN e'er depart,  
Or slight her faithful swain who loves so well.

How sweet henceforth shall be my daily toil,  
When SILVIA's happiness that toil requites ?  
For her, I tend the flock and till the soil,  
That thought shall change my labours to delights.

But while I thus indulge the pleasing song,  
Perhaps my anxious fair-one chides my stay,  
Perhaps her sweet affection thinks too long  
Each moment that her shepherd is away.  
  
Quick ! let me fly—the world would be too poor  
To bribe her CORIN to an act unkind,  
Sooner an age of pain would he endure,  
Than give one moment's anguish to her mind.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y II.

*THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF PASSION.*

*PARS DIRA QUIDEM, SED COGNITA MULTIS.*

SACRED to love and peace, mild beaming eve,  
With myrtle crown'd and sweetly-closing  
flow'rs,  
Chaplets which summer's liberal hand did weave,  
Approach'd, attended by the silent hours.

The verdant corn, the meadows golden pride,  
The stream unwrinkled shone with radiance  
bright,  
The chequer'd grove pour'd forth a warbling tide  
Of various music from its glitt'ring height.

Through the still air ambrosial odours spread,  
The new-shorn field its fragrance wide conveys,  
The vale's sweet lily lifts its modest head,  
Nor longer fears the sun's oppressive blaze.

C

But

To NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

But ah ! in vain, with joys serene and mild,  
Indulgent eve the peaceful bosom fills,  
Not all her charms can soothe the breast, beguil'd  
By fancied sorrows into real ills.

Beneath a bow'ret of sweet-blossom'd May,  
In careless posture stretch'd along the ground,  
An am'rous shepherd all-complaining lay,  
And sadden'd echo with a woeful sound.

Yet on his love no cruel mistress frown'd,  
No happy rival jealous pangs excites,  
His faithful passion HYMEN's sanction crown'd,  
And tender pledges bind the sacred rites.

" Ah me ! (he cried) ye dear delightful hours,  
By transports wing'd, ah ! whither are ye fled ?  
That danc'd delighted round our nuptial bowers,  
And strew'd your clust'ring roses on my head ?

Ye golden joys, that fir'd my raptur'd breast,  
When SILVIA's eyes the mutual pleasure caught,  
When, to her lov'd and loving bosom prest,  
We mingled ev'ry soul-dissolving thought ;

Where

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES. ii

Where are ye fled?—ah! never to return,  
Though my true heart its pristine passion warms,  
Though in my veins the same fierce ardors burn,  
Nor lessen'd are my *SILVIA*'s pow'rsful charms:

Still in her eyes the pointed light'nings play,  
Still on her cheek the living roses blow,  
In sprightly youth's unfaded prime still gay,  
And still unmatch'd her bosom's unsoil'd snow;

But cold, alas! to love's engaging arts,  
Each glowing spark extinguish'd in her breast,  
No more our meeting mutual fires imparts,  
Our days are lifeless, and our nights unblest,

Less curst the swain whom hatred's baleful power  
Has driv'n, injurious, from affection's seat;  
Insulted love will suffer but his hour,  
And, aided by revenge, at last retreat:

Far happier he, who droops beneath the frown  
Of scornful beauty's well-affected pride,  
Hope may befriend, and time *bis* wishes crown,  
To *me*, revenge and hope are both denied:

12 NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

For love, like youth, its tender moments past,  
No force, no art, no accidents restore,  
Age and indiff'rence will for ever last,  
While vainly we their frigid pow'r deplore.

Ungrateful fair!—yet, let me not complain,  
Or with unkindness wound her tender mind;  
'Tis not her gentle will to give me pain,  
'Tis Nature, not my SILVIA, is unkind.

O, could my heart unsocial passion bear,  
Content alone the blessing to receive,  
Could it taste joy my SILVIA did not share,  
Her beauties still might envied pleasures give!

But ah! when transport rises in my face,  
When eager fondness rushes to her arms,  
To meet—th' unmeaning glance—the cold  
embrace—  
And bare permission to approach her charms.

It is not to be borne—whence can it be,  
That breast where once each soft sensation dwelt,  
That once could swell with mutual extasy,  
And with its lover's tender ardors melt,

Should

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

13

Should thus be chang'd? O say, my much-lov'd fair,  
Has any cruel word or act of mine  
Implanted in your soul some latent care?  
Tell me my fault—it never can be thine.

Perchance, our lot, by envious fate restrain'd  
In narrow bounds, your anxious thought employs,  
And now, too late, you grieve that e'er you deign'd  
To give up wealth for less substantial joys.

Not so you thought, when CORIN had the pow'r  
To make your heart the mighty rapture prove,  
Then happiness you own'd the richest dow'r,  
And pleasures, wealth, and honours poor to love.

Of shining heaps possessed, the miser craves,  
Enjoying power, ambition pants for all,  
The drunkard thirsts as with full bowls he laves,  
In love alone—why should possession pall?

Thus CORIN 'plain'd, till, unperceiv'd, the night  
With more than common darkness veil'd the sky,  
Deep threat'ning clouds obscur'd each starry light,  
And distant lightnings darted on his eye.

With

14 NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

With eager step, th' approaching storm he fled,  
And when the shelter of his cot he gain'd,  
He found his SILVIA's eyes with weeping red,  
And from her love reproaches soft sustain'd.

Her tender pain gave transport to his heart,  
He kiss'd the tear that trembled in her eye,  
Forgat in her embrace his former smart,  
And blam'd himself for each impatient sigh.

---

ELEGY III.

---

THE TRIUMPH OF REASON.

---

SORTE BEATIOR.

FEAS'D of its bearded wealth, the russet plain  
Now vocal seem'd with merry hounds and  
horn ;  
Ah ! cease your cruel triumph, ruthless swain,  
Nor the sweet lay of harmless pleasure scorn.

Now

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 15

Now milder smiles the placid god of day,  
Now jocund plenty spreads her ample stores,  
Now mellower breathes each songster of the spray,  
And useful fruits succeed to gawdy flowers.

No more, with rapid tide, the heated blood  
Tumultuous rolls through ev'ry swelling vein,  
The passion's rage by reason's force withstood,  
Divine philosophy asserts her reign.

Screen'd from the mid-day beam, that gently shed  
It's rip'ning influence o'er th' embow'ring vine,  
His SILVIA's arm sustain'd her CORIN's head,  
While round his knees their sportive infants  
twine.

Blest to content—with calm and sober joy,  
Which reason warrants as affection's right,  
To Heav'n he lifts his pleasure-swimming eye,  
And thus attunes the sonnet of delight.

" All-gracious powers ! and were those radiant fires  
Which meteor-like could lead the soul astray,  
Those burning ecstasies and fierce desires,  
But the bright prelude to a brighter day ?

Fool

16 Nuptial Elegies.

Fool that I was, when young in nuptial lore,  
And all immers'd in beauty's mad'ning charm,  
I dream'd not there could be a bliss in store  
Beyond the kindling eye and folding arm ;

And when those springing blossoms of delight  
Began their rosy fragrant leaves to shed,  
In wild impatience I consum'd the night,  
And deem'd my joys were then for ever fled.

Why read I not wise nature's ample page,  
Or sought for knowledge from the vernal bloom?  
Soon had I then suppress'd my idle rage,  
And learn'd the cause of rapture's early doom.

Had the fair peach, that to the sunny ray  
His arms, with clust'ring flow'rets fill'd, display'd,  
Borne the light burden through the summer's day,  
At best he had been found a pleasing shade ;

But when, to folly's eye, his beauties lost,  
Soon from their ruins noblest fruitage sprang,  
Which mellowing suns with ruddy down emboss'd,  
Till food for gods the glowing tempters hang.

Such

NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 17

Such, sacred HYMEN, are thy fruits divine,  
Which to the soul high-flavour'd joys convey,  
Joys which expand, enoble and refine,  
And fill the breast to life's remotest day.

How frail the friendships built on casual ties,  
Where fortune's frowns or smiles alike divide,  
Where jarring int'rests, jarring passions rise,  
And draw the cords of social love aside!

But kindred souls in holy union join'd,  
One hope, one joy, one faithful passion share :  
No sep'rate fortunes can affect the mind,  
No single good, or undivided care.

Their mutual wants to mutual pleasures tend,  
To aid each other, O, what pure delight !  
Exhaustless source of joy, blest hours to spend  
In mutual proofs of love's sublimest height !

Who can disclose the bosom's secret folds,  
Or paint the smile that marks the parent's face,  
When he, with trembling extasy beholds  
The lovely blessings of the chaste embrace ?

D

And

18      NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

And sees those charms which first his soul did move,  
    Rekindling in his blooming infant's cheek,  
And sees those virtues heav'n and earth approve,  
    Already in ingenuous blushes speak ?

How short the transport guilty joy inspires,  
    Tho' beauty all its magick powers display !  
When free possession satiates fierce desires,  
    Her air-built schemes of pleasure melt away.

Nor in their place succeeds the blissful tye  
    Of cordial friendship, held for ever dear,  
No tender pledge of love delights her eye ;  
    The shunn'd memorial draws a bursting tear.

Still prone to range, the heart that beats alone  
    For raptures which no virtuous sanction claim,  
With ev'ry wind of restless passion blown,  
    No faithful glass collects the scatter'd flame.

No tender comforts, in affliction's day,  
    Shall thence arise to soothe his throbbing  
        breast ;  
When languid sickness sheds her baleful ray,  
    No tender bosom lull his pains to rest.

Ev'n

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 19

Ev'n fortune's smiles on him but half descend,  
Who uncommunicated pleasure knows,  
Joy, social joy, still seeks a faithful friend,  
To share the bliss that in her bosom glows.

These are thy genuine offspring, wedded love,  
Chaste bliss, true faith, each sorrow-soothing art,  
Cares that delight, and pleasures that improve,  
And conscious peace, and fair renown impart.

And do I to my lovely SILVIA owe  
Each blessing that can happy life endear?  
Then let my heart with tend'rest love o'erflow,  
And let me hold her ever, ever here.

---

## E L E G Y IV.

### THE WINTER OF LOVE.

— nunc Silvæ  
Tbreicio aquilone sonant, rapiamus amici,  
Occasionem de die : —

BLEAK o'er the mountains whistling eddies  
drove,  
And fill'd the vale with scatter'd rifts of snow;  
No limpid streams thro' verdant meadows rove,  
No blushing flow'rets on their borders glow.

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Rekindling in his blooming infant's cheek,  
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And fill'd the vale with scatter'd rifts of snow;  
No limpid streams thro' verdant meadows rove,  
No blushing flow'rets on their borders glow.

Mute are the feather'd choir; forlorn and drear,  
They seek the shelter of the leafless shade,  
By hunger pain'd, pursu'd by trembling fear,  
Lest cruel man their secret haunts invade:

Soon, vagrant PHOEBUS drives his distant car  
To happier plains, where gayer landscapes smile,  
And raven-night assaults the harrass'd ear  
With hoarse complaints, and bodes of cruel spoil.

Ah hapless wretch! whom pinching wants compel  
Unfed, uncloth'd, the horrid gloom to brave,  
Or, screen'd within some damp and dismal cell,  
To weary heaven for a friendly grave.

Not less unhappy, in his hoary age,  
When youth and health, and ev'ry charm is fled,  
The wretch, whose cares no social joys assuage,  
No friendly bosom props his drooping head:

Within, without, 'tis dreadful darkness all,  
The spring, the summer now return no more,  
The wintry storms, the fears of death appall,  
And he, unpitied, must in vain deploré.

But

NUPTIAL ELEGIES. 21

But not to him, who just to Nature's law,  
In love's chaste bliss the spring of life employs,  
Shall its last stage approach with fearful awe,  
Or rob his bosom of its purest joys.

Unheeded past the terrors of the night,  
Unfelt the pointed arrows of the east,  
The blazing hearth affords a cheering light,  
And circling goblets crown the bridal feast :

The song, the dance, the laughter-moving tale,  
And merry sports, by innocence approv'd,  
O'er winter's sharp inclemencies prevail,  
When CORIN thus address'd his best-belov'd.

" O source of endless rapture to my soul,  
How the full streams of blessing pour along,  
Through life's progressive seasons as they roll,  
They feed my passion, and inspire my song !

But for my SILVIA's love, had youth in vain,  
Its glowing hopes and exquisite desires,  
Been buried in the gloomy shades of pain,  
Or led astray by lust's delusive fires :

Her

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

Her sweet society, her radiant charms,  
With more than sunshine gilt the vernal grove,  
And, O! I found a temple in her arms,  
Sacred to peace, felicity and love.

As life advanc'd, the ardent blessings grew,  
The lovely offspring spread the flame of joy,  
The smile maternal gave a rapture new,  
Mem'ry still holds, and time shall ne'er destroy.

When roseate beauty shed its fragant bloom,  
And age had ting'd the whiteness of its snow,  
Full-ripen'd friendship issued from its womb,  
And well-supply'd the graces of its brow.

Long-tried affections, like those rolling balls,  
Form'd of the down that drops from wintry skies,  
Gath'ring the candid plumage as it falls,  
In still-encreasing bulk and firmness rise.

Vainly do life's declining years essay  
Of ev'ry charm to rob my SILVIA's face;  
Good-nature's sunshine yields a smiling ray,  
Not death itself shall presently displace.

How

NUPITAL ELEGIES. + 23

How oft when rude misfortune pierc'd my breast,  
Or pain inflicted many a deep-felt blow,  
Her tender prudence sooth'd my cares to rest,  
Her soft affection charm'd the sting of woe!

But when I cast my raptur'd eyes around,  
And view this triumph of maternal care,  
Youths, with firm health and manly virtues crown'd.  
And virgins, like their mother, good and fair.

When I behold, array'd in snowy vest,  
My fairest hope, my blossom of delight,  
Yielding a hand unforc'd to render blest  
A youth, deserving well a boon so bright;

And see the happy lover view his bride  
With eyes which utter what no words could tell,  
Who can withhold the fond parental pride,  
Or strive the pleasing transport to repel?

Yes—let me give it way—'tis honest joy,  
Virtue itself can never disapprove;  
'Tis happiness supreme, without alloy,  
The boast of nature and the crown of love.

How

How blest my fate ! when howling tempests rage,  
And wearied nature shrinks at painful toil,  
My dutious striplings save their father's age,  
And gladly share the labours of tae soil.

No venal hands my decent board supply,  
My faithful SILVIA and her lovely train,  
With quick affection watch my speaking eye,  
And strive who first my favour shall obtain.

No tedious moments clog my wheel of life,  
Dear social pleasures quicken ev'ry round,  
Beneath my roof, unheard the voice of strife,  
Beneath my roof, blest concord's sweets abound.

Rack'd by no pains, of youthful follies bred,  
No secret vulture preying on my mind,  
Soft slumbers play around my peaceful head,  
On the fond bosom of true love reclin'd:

But ah ! I see in DAMON's love-sick glance  
A wish to burst the flood-gates of his soul ;  
Tasteless to him the song, the sports, the dance,  
The festive viands and the sparkling bowl.

Go,

## NUPTIAL ELEGIES.

25

Go, gentle pair.—I will not wrong thy truth,  
Nor, in thy breast, the soft impatience chide :  
Go— and a parent's blessings crown your youth,  
His bliss and honours rev'rend age betide !

Библиотека РГУНГИ

„intervenibodd Nam haA“) the first, „nam-  
TATRÖT haA“ what are you? (Cf. 2.1.1.1)

15

D.E.-

## D E D I C A T I O N

TO

Mrs. GILLM A-N.

MADAM,

TO whom better can I recommend the protection of this humble tribute to the merit of our very ingenious and much-lamented friend, than the lady into whose hands he has entrusted the dearest pledge of his regard and confidence ---his infant daughter? If, after many years contemplation of her virtues and elegant accomplishments, and the *living proof* she has given of her judgment in the use of them, he selected her as the fittest guardian for his lovely and beloved orphan, (doubly endeared to him by the fatal price he paid for the acquisition---no less than the life of its amiable parent) surely I cannot a moment hesitate in committing to her fostering hands the little artless wreath I have framed as a grateful testimony of my affection for his memory. After the important compliment paid her by the deceased, it would be as superfluous, as offensive to her good sense and delicacy, for me to attempt any: I shall therefore only ask pardon for the liberty I have taken in making use of her name, and beg leave to subscribe myself

Her most respectful

Strand,

And most obedient servant,

April 22, 1779.

A B. P O R T A L.

---

---

A N  
E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE  
Rev. JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.  
PREBENDARY OF WELLS,

A N D

RECTOR OF BLAGDON IN SOMERSETSHIRE

---

— never, never more,  
His potent harp shall charm my anxious care.

- ‘ A DIEU, ye soft Pierian groves and streams !  
‘ Where sportive muses sing beneath the shade,
- ‘ To happier bards I leave those waking dreams,  
‘ Which oft the breast of letter’d bliss invade !
- ‘ To him who droops beneath the iron hand  
‘ Of adverse fortune, what avails your smile,  
Aonian maids !—or what your wreathed band ?  
‘ Nor love, nor wealth, nor fame reward his toil.

' Your crown, like that by blest Emanuel worn,  
 ' To him is thorns, and mockery, and woe,  
 ' Spurn'd by the base—by thongs of insult torn,—  
 ' Av'rice his scorner, and the world his foe.

Thus in adversity's depressive day,  
 With truths too poignant injur'd fancy mourn'd,  
 And vow'd no more to tempt the tuneful lay,  
 Tho' pleasure courted, or tho' anguish burn'd.

In vain she vow'd—grief bursts the slighted bar,  
 Wave pil'd on wave disdains the art-form'd  
 mound,  
 While, beaming from on high, the Muses star  
 Sheds, irresistible, her influence round.

Shall the sweet bard, to whom, unveil'd, appear'd  
 Fancy, in all her radiant hues resign'd,  
 Who in his soul her beamy fabric rear'd,  
 And pour'd her \* Visions o'er his vacant mind,

Be by his friend in common accents mourn'd,  
 Like one whose genius wing'd a middle flight?  
 That friend, who, midst of dark distress unscorn'd,  
 Reap'd from his kind consolments sweet delight?

\* Alluding to his Visions of Fancy.

Shall

Shall he forget, when by the Muses led,  
Dag'nham's sequester'd shades confess'd his lay,  
While, as reclin'd, he press'd the flow'ry bed,  
The birds enraptur'd wak'd each vocal spray?

Shall he forget the condescending bard,  
That deign'd to listen to his feeble song?  
That deign'd to soothe him with a fond regard,  
And shield his weak advent'rous Muse from  
wrong?

Who long, in ties, by holy friendship wrought,  
Forgot the diff'rent state to each assign'd,  
Shar'd with his humble friend each secret thought,  
And ev'ry tender passion of his mind?

' Genius (the flatt'ring poet said) like love,  
' Levels, by pride and folly rais'd, the mound,  
' Congenial hearts, like sexes pair'd above,  
' Should still on earth in unison be found.

Alas! how few in these vain-glorious times,  
Dare sacrifice at humble merit's shrine,  
Like SHENSTONE listen to a peasant's rhimes,  
Tho' priest and patron of the tuneful Nine?

Thrice

Thrice happy days ! long past, but ne'er forgot !  
When love, and peace, and friendship, o'er my  
head,  
Wav'd their gay plumes, and on my humble lot,  
In soft profusion, Heav'n's best comforts shed !

As well might hope, delusive hope ! presume,  
With music's voice to wake the death-clos'd ear,  
Raise buried friendship from its silent tomb,  
As call past pleasures from their distant sphere !

Revolving planets take their ample round,  
A second childhood waits on hoary age,  
Ev'n long-lost comets take a measur'd bound,  
But nought can flitting joy's return engage.

Yet, why, inhuman mem'ry ! wilt thou add  
To life's too-weighty load of present woe ?  
Our former bliss call back to purpose bad,  
And make the once-kind friend, the bitt'rest foe ?

Make those dear cherubs which around us flew,  
And scatter'd all the fragrance of the spring,  
Their former services again renew ;  
But arm each flow'ret with a poignant sting ?

Dear,

Dear, much-lov'd shade ! forgive the selfish verse,  
That thus, neglectful of thy sacred fame,  
Sheds private sorrows round thy honour'd herse,  
Whilst unadorn'd remains thy deathless name.

That task (to \* Amwell's tuneful master due,  
Whose elegiac muse can well complain ;  
Or gentle Cartwright, whose soft numbers drew  
The sons of pity round † Constantia's fane)

Dare I, the lowest of the tuneful quire,  
With voice unhallow'd and imperfect string,  
Profanely touch ? Ah ! no, some worthier lyre,  
Some sweeter Muse must those fair honors bring.

Yet, gentle bard, if from that shining sphere,  
Where, to high praise, thy sacred numbers flow,  
Thou canst to friendship's sigh incline thine ear,  
And love the fond sincerity of woe,

\* J. Scott, esq. a particular friend of Doctor Langhorne's, and well known to fame for his poetical productions.

† Author of *Constantia*, an elegy in honor of the first Mrs. Langhorne.

Deem not disgraceful this heart-labour'd strain,  
 Tho' far beneath my lofty aim it rise ;  
 Than praises drawn from friendship's hallow'd pain,  
 What purer incense can affect the skies ?

But should each tongue, and ev'ry lyre be mute,  
 No grateful muse thy honor'd ashes mourn,  
*The Maids of Mem'ry* would sustain thy lute  
 Enwreath'd with flow'rs, and place it o'er thy urn.

Still on the banks of Eden's parent stream  
 The grateful Naiads shall thy \* songs rehearse,  
 Still wave his willows o'er thy golden dream,  
 And Elves bound lightly to thy magic verse.

Fountains and shades of Twick'nam's honour'd  
 bourne,  
 To you he call'd, in majesty of woe,  
 When no mean subject caus'd the bard to mourn,  
 † The mighty master of the harp laid low !

Did he not teach your echoes to complain,  
 And melodize the murmurs of each rill ?  
 Did he not wake your Dryads with his strain,  
 And breasts divine with mortal anguish fill ?

\* Ode to the river Eden.

† Ode to the Memory of Handel.

Seraphic

Seraphic HANDEL ! would the gloomy King,  
Touch'd by his song, had giv'n thee back to day !  
O ! to thy harp, could we such numbers sing,  
The ghastly tyrant must confess their sway :

Ye fragrant banks of Dag'ham's liquid dale,  
Did not your flow'rets glow with richer dyes,  
When from your silent and umbrageous vale  
. Ye heard soft extasies harmonious rise ?

When round your lawns, drawn by his magic lay,  
\* The shades of antient British worthies throng,  
When ev'ry rustic god and humbler fay  
Danc'd in wild measures to his mad'ning song ;

Yet HALIFAX was deaf,—for whom his lyre  
Strain'd ev'ry chord to music's loftiest tone,  
And whilst all nature felt the Poet's fire,  
Th' ungrateful Viceroy seem'd unmov'd alone.

\* The Viceroy, a poem, written in honor of the earl of Halifax, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Not so wise CRAUFORD, to whose list'ning ear,  
 The flying zephyrs bore the rapt'rous strain,  
 And ev'ry echo in his \* Belvidere,  
 From their soft caves, the melody retain.

Oft would the Chief, in well-earn'd ease reclin'd,  
 Court the sweet Bard to share the social hour,  
 With truths sublime enlarge his candid mind,  
 While Time flew lightly o'er his lofty baw'r.

§ Hope, gentle fugitive, return once more  
 To him who weeps thy Langhorne's early tomb,  
 His flow'ry wreath thy shining temples bore,  
 And muse-lov'd Littleton admir'd its bloom!

But ah ! to me, what comforts canst thou shew ?  
 Forlorn ! ---abandon'd to misfortune's rage !  
 Lost ev'ry friend ! ---despair in ev'ry view !  
 What canst thou urge to cheer approaching age ?

\* Belvidere is in Kent, opposite to Dagenham Breach, then the seat of General Crauford, to whom the Doctor addressed his poem entitled *The Enlargement of the Mind*.

§ Hymn to Hope.

Can't

DEATH OF DR. LANGHORNE. 35

Can'st thou give back that partner of my days,  
\* Who the same wish, same soul, same passions  
shar'd,  
The kind improver of my youthful lays ;  
The object worthy of each dear regard ?

Ah ! no---that brother, from my bosom torn,  
No more shall soothe each soul-distracting grief,  
No more with me in social sorrow mourn,  
No more rejoice in ev'ry kind relief.

Can'st thou, to virtue, honour, goodness just,  
† Augusta's worthiest magistrate restore ;  
Who, spite of faction, faithful to his trust,  
Reap'd honours from th' indignities he bore ?

While patriot virtues fair renown impart,  
While godlike charity to Heav'n is dear,  
While firm integrity commands the heart,  
Lamented *Nash* shall claim the pious tear :

\* The Author's brother, late Vicar of Abingdon in Berks.

† William Nash, esq. Lord Mayor in the year 1773.

He too is lost---but still, in mem'ry's eye,  
For ever shall his gen'rous friendship live ;  
Long as this breast can heave the grateful sigh,  
Long as this artless tongue has praise to give.

Can'st thou with substance clothe the flitting shade,  
And to the golden sun's inspiring ray,  
Give back the friend, in awful silence laid,  
The deep-mourn'd subject of this plaintive lay ?

Away---thou can'st not !---never, never more,  
His potent harp shall charm my anxious care,  
'Tis mine his loss for ever to deplore :---  
But never more his friendly heart to share.

W A R.

**W** **A** **R.**

**A N**

**O** **D** **E.**

**Written Ann. Dom. 1763.**

*See'st thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation !*

MILTON's Par. Lost, b. I.

**A** H ! 'tis too much for mortal to sustain ;  
It tears the nerves, it racks the brain ;  
The strong idea shakes th' affrighted soul,  
While horrors gather round, and thunders rend  
the Pole.

I see, I see the dreadful god of war,  
Advancing in his flaming car !  
A living sword his gory arm displays,  
Fierce glare his eye-balls with tremendous blaze ;

His

His radiant vesture dipp'd in blood,  
His feet with iron sandals shod,  
His breast with triple steel embrac'd,  
And with his Gorgon shield his arm enormous  
grac'd.

I see his stern brow bent into a frown,  
Which Wrath, Revenge and Furies crown ;  
While, bristling, on his furrow'd front, are spread  
The sable honours of his head :  
His nodding plume, and golden helm beneath,  
A blood-stained laurel forms a dusky wreath.

Hark ! o'er th' embattled plain Confusion roars !  
Receive me, Ocean, from your hostile shores ;  
Hide me, some mountain, with your shaggy brow,  
Where, fearless of the axe, the tall pines grow ;  
Snatch me, ye Cyclops, to your fi'ry cell,  
Where milder flames, and gentler noises dwell ;  
Or bear me, on your rapid wing sublime,  
Ye whirlwinds, to some dreary clime,  
Where frost eternal chills the joyless year,  
And checks Ambition's mad career,  
Or to some distant sea-girt isle,  
That ne'er rewarded yet th' advent'rous sailor's toil.

O, shield me, shield me from th' infernal train !  
But 'tis in vain ;

O'er

O'er earth, and seas, and skies, the martial god  
Drives his blood-thirsting pack, and shakes his  
scorpion rod.

Titanic rage invades the throne of Jove,  
And fills with horror dire the blissful realms above.

Nearer and nearer yet, confus'd I hear

The shout of Rage, the cry of Fear ;  
The hoarse drum beating terrible alarms,  
The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms :  
The wounded's piteous scream, the dying groan,  
The widow'd matron's wild distracted moan ;  
The beasts and birds of prey, with hideous yell,

Rejoicing in the carnage fell ;  
While hell's tremendous engines vent their breath,  
And in loud thunders bear thy awful mandate,

Death.  
The god, transported, listens to the sound,  
And, sternly-smiling, spreads immense destruction  
round.

I see his ghastly train ! his foaming courier's toil,  
By furies lash'd ! behold each lash recoil,  
And wound the hand that strikes ! stalking before,  
Grasping Ambition paint her pallid cheeks with  
gore ;  
Revenge and Murder, twin'd in damn'd embrace ;  
Death in each eye, and fury in each face !

Insa-

Infatiate Rapine, keen and fierce,  
His foe or friend alike to pierce !  
Whose unrelenting heart no pity knows  
For tender virgin's shrieks, or pregnant mother's  
woes.

As late, on old Visurgis war-worn bank,  
The fury ravaug'd wide,  
Conceal'd beneath the hoary willows dank,  
The frightened Naiads saw th' empurpled tide :  
They saw—and, from their fair eyes floating  
down,  
Soft showers of liquid pearl their rosy beauties  
drown.  
The blue-ey'd sisters wept the hapless fate  
Of those who wove their flow'ry garlands late ;  
Now from their brows the vernal honours torn,  
Their bloomless meads and barren haunts they  
mourn.

Ah me ! how dire, how num'rous is thy train !  
Gnawing Envy, frantic Pain,  
Malice, with her hundred wiles,  
And ruthless Cruelty, that stabs and smiles :  
A reeking cup her bloody hand sustains,  
She drinks, and thirsts, and drinks, and still her thirst  
remains.

I know

I know thee, Pride, through all thy vain disguise !  
Thy bloated form, thy scornful eyes  
Conquest's imperial robes but ill conceal,  
The monarch's diadem, and warrior's steel :  
Though Valour seems to nerve thy arm,  
And Honour fair thy breast to warm,  
These are but fiends that on thy sense impose,  
Valour and Honour scorn to wreath the tyrant's  
brows.

How mourn'd Araxes' sons thy baleful powers,  
When Macedonia's youth, miscall'd the Great,  
Levell'd their cities, palaces and towers,  
And to its period brought their empire's date !

No virtuous end the victor sought,  
A blast of fame the meed for which he fought ;  
His heart elate with purple pride,  
He dream'd of immortality—and died.

Still is thy cursed train prolong'd !  
Still is thy car with furies throng'd !  
See ! Sacrilege, with arm extended high,  
Snatch at the stars that grace the sky :  
Dejected Slav'ry bend beneath a load  
Of shafts, intended her own sides to goad ;  
And Ignorance, with Gothic rage,  
Defacing Wisdom's sacred page :  
Rebellion, lifting high her speckled crest,  
And plunging daggers in her parent's breast.

See, naked Poverty all-shiv'ring stand !  
 See, rav'ous Famine gnaw her fleshless hand !  
 And, by a thousand griefs borne down, Despair,  
 Holding a pois'nous asp to her swoln bosom bare !  
 What fiend is this, than all the rest more fell ?  
 Her glance is death, her voice the hyæna's yell :  
 The scythe of time, thrice-sharpen'd, arms her  
 hand,  
 Destruction's martial engines round her stand :  
 Blasted the groves, where'er she turns, are seen,  
 No more the young corn, waving green,  
 Chears the rough breast of industry—no more  
 He walks his ample round, and views his rising  
 store :  
 All melancholy roams the chearless tide,  
 No muses grace her song-deserted side ;  
 No youths and maids, with flow'rets gay,  
 In revels honour genial May,  
 No lover pours his tender pain,  
 Or with his mellow-breathing flute averts disdain ;  
 No more the cheerful haunt of men,  
 Where tower'd the lordly spire, the dragon makes  
 his den.  
 Curs'd Desolation ! foe to heay'n and earth !  
 Say, what Tartarean monster gave thee birth ?  
 Of thee, the muse demands proud Ilium's tow'rs,  
 Her mazy-folding walls, ah ! where ?  
 Tho'

Tho' rais'd by harmony's celestial pow'rs,  
The work divine thy rude hand would not spare.  
Where now great Babel's shining turrets high,  
That in the eastern sky,  
Like some distinguish'd constellation bright,  
Cast on the nations round their streamy light ;  
Or where those once magnificent abodes  
Of Persia's demi-gods ?  
By thee o'erthrown,  
The savage panther marks them for his own.

Where now Amphion's tuneful labours ? where  
Those favour'd domes, Minerva's care ?  
No more her lov'd Ilissus' banks she roves,  
Up-torn by thee her academic groves.  
Where Liberty her hundred states maintain'd,  
And smiling reign'd ;  
Whilst, round her radiant throne,  
Arts, Genius, Valour and Politeness shone ;  
What traces now of all her former state ?  
Th' historic page, alone, records her great.

Arcadian bowers, where virgin Nature smil'd,  
E're, by false blandishments beguil'd,  
She yielded to the soft address of Art,  
Who loos'd her zone, and stole her simple heart !

Old Peneus hoar,  
And silver Ladon's flow'ry shore,  
Thessalian Tempe's broider'd vale,  
Where flocks innum'rous snuff'd th' ambrosial gale.  
Alpheus fond, his flying maid  
Thro' many a sweet sequester'd shade,  
And many a golden vale and mead  
Pursuing swift with am'rous speed ;  
Fair Hypacrene, mellifluous fount !  
Cyllenus and the tuneful mount ;

O dear to poesy ! ye scenes belov'd,  
Where innocence and joy united rov'd !  
But ah, how chang'd !—thine iron hand compell'd  
The Muses thence, and ev'ry rapture quell'd.

This way she turns.—Mark ! sad Germania's  
plains ;  
Her golden harvests cease—her drooping swains,  
Smit with despair,  
Their ruin'd labours view, and sweet domestic care.  
What god, what hero shall her force withstand,  
Arrest her lifted hand,  
Preserve Europa from th' enkindled flame,  
And earn the sacred palm of virtuous fame ?  
Behold !

Behold ! he comes,  
From the sun's declining ray,  
The stately youth directs his way :  
A laurel wreath entwin'd with flow'rs,  
The product of Elysian bow'rs,  
Adorns his manly brow ; bright beams his eye  
With native sweetness fraught, and mingled mirth ;  
The double sceptre which he bears,  
Shews earth and sea his regal labour shares.

Before him, see ! by smiling cherubs born,  
Philanthropy, with copious horn,  
A thousand fragrant blessings pours,  
While clouds of incense rise from all the grateful  
shores.

Circling round, a suppliant band  
Claims protection from his hand.  
Hark, the drooping Arts complain !  
Science mourns her fractur'd chain,  
Commerce weeps her ravish'd store,  
And blest Religion grieves, her sanctions bind no  
more.

\* It may not be amiss to inform the ungeographical reader, that Britain, the place from which the royal hero is supposed to come, lies in general west of Germany, the seat of the late war.

The hero sighs.—

Lo! to his righteous care, the martial god  
Commits his just-avenging rod :  
He frowns indignant—All the ghastly train  
Confess their fears, and quit the ravag'd plain :  
He smiles—the clouds disperse—the thunders  
cease,

And all the harrass'd world is blest with peace.



THE

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# T Y R A N N Y

## L I B E R T Y.

*Addressed to a Lady who requested the Author  
to write on a particular subject.*

O LIBERTY, capricious fair! both I 'm, and  
Tyrant of ocean, earth and ear, whose  
Whose haughty spirit rests alone  
With Jove on his imperial throne;  
Whence with insidious smiles thy ray  
Draws hapless mortals from their way.  
Yet, should they shun thy faithless light,  
Thou plungest them in darkest night.

In

In heav'n and earth, falacious maid !  
 What myriads have thy charms betray'd ?  
 Yet all confess thy pow'rful sway,  
 All reluctantly obey.

The morning-stars, that shone so bright,  
 Fell from their radiant thrones of light,  
 And half the peopled earth has bled,  
 To weave new trophies for thy head ;  
 Yet better all the rest should die,  
 Than live secluded from thine eye.

Absent, alas ! what joys remain ?  
 Love, genius, wealth, surround in vain,  
 Cupid may pain, but cannot please,  
 Plutus give affluence, but not ease,  
 And, ah ! I find the Muses free,  
 When separate from Liberty.

Else, why, when S——n claims my lay  
 To sing her meads and prospects gay,  
 Where rural Nature spreads her stores,  
 And all her rich profusion pours,  
 Kindly inviting me to taste  
 An hospitable rich repast,

Should

Should they deny their tuneful art  
To tell the dictates of my heart ?

To sing that condescending smile,  
Which can each anxious care beguile ;  
How wit and sense politely strive  
To keep the spark of joy alive,  
And banish from the poet's mind  
The rude assaults of fate unkind ?

To sing the lovely stem that shows  
Such bloom, as erst the parent rose :  
Where ev'ry kind and social grace  
Improve the beauties of the face,  
And sprightly airs, like Zephyr's breeze,  
Scatter the sweets of joy and ease ?

Or beauteous D——n's youthful charms,  
Portending no far distant harms  
To many a youth, whose aching heart  
Must rue the little archer's dart ?

Ah ! Madam, had you nothing said,  
Perhaps the Muses had not fled.

*A N ingenious Lady, to whose condescension I am much indebted, has permitted me to insert the following Elegy amongst my own less valuable productions; and I hope, though it does me honour, it will suffer no discredit by it: since, should it be thought (as my own judgment tells me it is) deserving of a more cultivated situation, it will be like a rose planted in the wilderness, and perfume, with its ravishing sweets, all the barren shrubs that surround it; it will relieve the wearied senses of the traveller, and, itself unrivalled, attract his whole attention.—But should its companions be kindly allowed the humble rank of wild-flowers, it will then be furnished with subjects, and hold over them a royal prebeminence.*

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# C Y N T H I A,

A N  
E L E G Y.

Written by a LADY.

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**A**MID' yon plain, whose wide extent  
Appears to have no bound,  
Where scatter'd hamlets, lowing herds,  
And heart-felt peace are found.

An aneient venerable pile  
In awful ruin stands,  
Tho' sacred once, the victim now  
Of Time's subduing hands.

The moulder'd structure tott'ring seems,  
Scarce able to sustain  
The twining green, whose pendant shade  
Invites the mournful swain.

To sing the woes of slighted love,  
Those pangs the heart must bear,  
When faithful passion sues in vain,  
And hopeless falls the tear.

Entire remains the chapel wall,  
It's roof a bending oak,  
Where oft the gentle nymphs and swains  
The pow'rs of truth invoke.

Near lie the monuments of fate,  
The beauteous and the brave,  
The lord and peasant intermix'd,  
And levell'd in the grave.

But, chief, is seen, amidst the rest,  
A new and shining tomb,  
Bedeck'd with many a myrtle green,  
And Flora's choicest bloom.

A E L E G Y,

93

On rural, neat simplicity,  
The builder form'd his plan;  
Nor flatt'ring verse, nor pomp adorn'd  
This last abode of man:

Yet, much might weeping Truth have said,  
Of fair example shewn,  
Much of those charms, by all admir'd,  
Now hid beneath the stone.

A marble, white as innocence,  
Inscriptive bore her name,  
Whose thread the sister fates had spun,  
Too fine for mortal frame.

Scarce seventeen vernal suns had rear'd  
This plant to beauty's pride,  
When blighted by the chilling breeze,  
It wither'd, sunk, and died.

An aged swain, with hoary locks,  
And venerable grace,  
Supported by a beachen staff,  
Now sought the sacred place:

That

That place which held his whole of joy,  
His dear and only child,  
Whose dutious care and tender love  
Had oft his woes beguil'd.

No raging pangs his groans reveal,  
Such sorrows soon depart ;  
But silent, settled grief possess'd  
Each corner of his heart.

As o'er the mead he slowly walk'd,  
And eyed the distant stome,  
Deep sighs, unbidden, heav'd his breast,  
And tears stole softly down.

Too soon he reach'd the spot he sought,  
Though sought, yet dreaded now,  
Grief choak'd his utt'rance—for he felt  
Unutterable woe.

With mute despair, he view'd the place  
Where lay his darling care,  
And, bending o'er the marble, seems  
To seek his CYNTHIA there,

At

At length his voice a passage found,  
For tears had form'd a way ;  
And thus in plaintive accents mourn'd  
The evening of his day.

" More cold than marble art thou now,  
That warm'dst my aged heart,  
Those charms that fill'd my soul with joy,  
Now bid all joy depart.

The op'ning rose scarce grac'd thy cheek,  
When strait it fades and dies ;  
Each lovely virtue just appears,  
Then, like a shadow, flies.

These myrtles, roses, rais'd by thee,  
Now grace thy early tomb ;  
These fragrant chaplets scatter'd round,  
By thee were taught to bloom.

How oft, how early hast thou rose,  
To screen them from the sun ;  
To watch the bud, to save the flow'r,  
Ere yet their race was run !

That

That tender care on them bestow'd  
Have I bestow'd on thee,  
And hop'd thou should'st have liv'd to strew  
Sweet flow'rets over me.

Well I remember on this bough  
A noxious worm I spy'd,  
Wishing to save whate'er thou lov'd'st,  
I crush'd it by its side.

Then looking round to claim thy thanks,  
Well pleas'd thou wert so nigh,  
Surpriz'd I saw the pitying tear  
Stand trembling in thine eye.

Alas ! thy loss, a thousand ways  
I feel, but find no cure ;  
How shall I bear this weight of years,  
Or lonely life endure ?

Thy poor around my cottage throng,  
With loud laments they mourn ;  
If just their tears, should not mine eyes  
Weep torrents o'er thy urn.

When

A N E L E G Y.

57

When fed by thee, their grateful love  
Broke thro' the hard restraint,  
Thy rising blush repell'd their speech,  
And check'd the fond intent.

Ah ! why to me those thanks, you cry'd,  
I deem the blessing mine ;  
Kind Heav'n has all my wants supply'd,  
And bid me give to thine.

Whene'er amongst the rural fair  
An angry word arose,  
Each tells to thee her secret griefs,  
While warm resentment glows ;

You found the hard, but happy way,  
To blame without offence,  
To heal the wound which passion gave,  
And calm the pang of sense.

Too good to live, too young to die,  
Ah ! woe is me forlorn !  
Left here alone to speak thy praise,  
And filial virtues mourn !

C M A

I

No

No kindly hand will now assuage  
 My never-ceasing woe,  
 No tender duty cheer this breast,  
 Which ne'er must comfort know !

Grant me, good God ! (and then his knees  
 Obedient touch'd the ground)  
 This one request,—Oh ! take from me  
 The pow'r to feel this wound !

Give me the long'd-for bliss to join  
 This dear departed shade  
 In yonder Heav'n, where holy praise  
 Employs the sainted maid !

He said—a deadly languor ran  
 Thro' all his vital frame,  
 He sunk, extended on the ground,  
 Nor spake—but CYNTHIA's name,

A M O.

**M O N O D Y,**

WRITTEN AN. DOM. 1778,

*On the unfortunate DEATH of a promising  
Young Gentleman.*

COME, gentlest Muse of pity, bring thy lute  
 Of soothing sound.—A scene of tender woe  
 Demands thy song.—If e'er thy throbbing breast,  
 Still kindly heaving with the frequent sigh  
 For others sad calamity, did make  
 The tomb of youthful merit, early snatched  
 From the keen eye of Hope, thy tuneful theme;  
 If e'er thy soft harmonious soul, infus'd  
 In melting numbers, from the tearful eye  
 Of groaning Anguish stole the falling woe,

And from the parent's bleeding bosom drew  
The goring shaft,—here may thy sacred art  
The pious work perform ! or if thou canst  
Wipe off the stains of grief from Beauty's cheek,  
And, like the genial sun, dispel the mists  
From Nature's fairest blooms, and give their  
charms

Back to the eye of Rapture,—to thy Fane  
Lovers shall bow,—and altars rise to thee :  
For ah ! the youthful subject of my lay,  
Adonis-like, by his untimely fate  
Has dimm'd bright beauty's beam !—Sweet hap-  
less youth,

What now avails thy form, so fram'd for love,  
So soft and graceful ? What thy gentle air,  
Where hid beneath the unassuming veil  
Of candid Modesty, from Envy's glance  
Thy merit sought concealment —but in vain.

Where wast thou, Phœbus ? and, ye tuneful  
Nine,  
Where were ye ? when your lov'd, your fav'rite  
son  
Sunk in the fatal wave ? Could ye not charm  
With those resistless pow'rs, with which you  
deign'd

To

To swell his magic strain, the out-stretch'd hand  
Of Atropos? Or could ye not, as erst  
By your assistance Orpheus, call him back  
From the drear shades of Death? O, had he liv'd!  
How many grateful votive wreaths had deck'd  
Your sacred shrines! Ev'n in his youthful prime,  
He climb'd the heights of Pindus,—had he liv'd  
To age mature, he would have tempted Heav'n,  
And reach'd the sphere where Handel sits enthron'd.

Sweet Maid! who'er thou art, for whom his  
lyre

Tun'd ev'ry note of love—whilst by thy charms  
Sublim'd, the thrilling sounds aspir'd, and led  
The ravish'd soul thro' all the various clue  
Of tender passion, if thy gentle mind  
Drank deep the pleasing frenzy, and attun'd  
To notes accordant, mingled in the flame  
Of purest love, how my soul pities thee!  
Yet let thy breast this consolation feel;  
His virtues were thy glory, and his loss  
Each soul of harmony laments with thee.

Nor you, ye British Graces\*, lovelier far  
Than those by Rome ador'd; since you alone,

To

\* The three sisters of the lamented youth.

To form, and bloom, and motion, add the charm  
 Of matchless song,—let not your lovely eyes <sup>10</sup>  
 For ever swim in grief—the youths that live <sup>18</sup>  
 In their enchanting beam will fade and die.  
 The dead is blest.—Ah! then some portion spare  
 Of pity for the living! Chiefly thou,  
 Fair Sh—n, on whom the raptur'd eye  
 Delighted dwells,—not for thyself alone  
 Thy charms inspire,—thy gloom must check the  
 soul  
 Of public pleasure—and the Comic Muse  
 Droop in the bosom of her brightest son.

But, ah! sweet goddess of the melting strain,  
 How wilt thou charm the fiend of grief that rends  
 The parent's breast?—how cheer the eye that sees  
 Its labours blasted, and it's fondest hopes;  
 Already ripen'd to a richer bloom  
 Than flatt'ry dar'd predict? L——y, my soul  
 Feels all thy woes—and *feeling*—leaves to time <sup>10</sup>  
 A task too hard for friends.—Let sages, skill'd <sup>Y</sup>  
 In philosophic lore, affect to cure,  
 With Stoic pride, those pangs they never felt.  
 For me, suffice it—with the Muses balm  
 To soothe the raging smart—to twine the wreath  
 Of genuine praise—and cast a sweet perfume  
 Over the ashes of the honor'd dead.

THE

**M O R E C O O K S,****T H E****W O R S E B R O T H.****A P O L I T I C A L T A L E.****Addressed to the CITIZENS of LONDON.**

Written Ann. Dom. 1769.

**T**HE Liv'ry at a certain hall  
 Resolv'd to give a splendid ball,  
 To let their wives and daughters see  
 The advantages of being free :  
 And that all things might be compleat,  
 And worthy of a City treat,  
 In solemn council first they met  
 T' instruct their cooks what they should get,  
 Important task ! debates ran high,  
 Some were for minc'd, some apple, pye ;

Each

Each one preferr'd a diff'rent dish,  
 Fowl, venison, roast-beef and fish ;  
 But none would hearken to the reason  
 Of being in or out of season.  
 Now all set up a gen'ral hoop  
 At naming of their fav'rite soup ;  
 All were for soup—but still kept reas'ning  
 About the diff'rent kinds of seas'ning.  
 Some thought the cooks their \* time might spare,  
 And put scarce half the usual share ;  
 Others inveigh'd with biting raillery  
 Against the very name of salary.  
 Some thought that sage was rough and bitter,  
 And that ground-ivy would be fitter.  
 Others—their soup had lately been  
 With salt and pepper rather keen,  
 And recommended to their cooks  
 Not to be govern'd by their books.  
 At length their ancient Warden rose,  
 And strove their diff'rence to compose.

“ My friends (said he) and fellow-cits,  
 “ You cannot sure be in your wits :

Have

\* The principal business of the City Instructions here alluded to, was to shorten the duration of Parliament.

“ Have you not four as clever fellows  
“ As ever blow’d a pair of bellows,  
“ Well vers’d i’th’ culinary art,  
“ That know each recipe by heart,  
“ And by experience have been taught  
“ How to avoid each luckless fault ;  
“ While, let me ask, have one of you  
“ Read even \* Madam Johnson thro’ ?  
“ For shame ! desist yourselves t’ expose  
“ By teaching what none of you knows,  
“ And leave your Cooks to do their best,  
“ For your Instructions are a jest.”

Throughout the hall, from man to man,  
A discontented murmur ran ;  
At length a younker pert and loud,  
Was heard to bawl amongst the crowd.

“ Old Grey-beard here, my friends, d’ye see,  
“ Would take away our liberty,  
“ Infringe your ancient rights and charter,  
“ And freedom for base flav’ry barter ;  
“ What, shall those Cooks we put in place  
“ Prescribe to us in any case ?

\* A common book of Cookery.

K

“ Shall

" Shall they direct our bill of fare,  
 " And judge for us what's nice and rare?  
 " Have we no palates of our own,  
 " And are we nought but babes full-grown?  
 " Must we submit to their abuse,  
 " Who are but servants for our use?  
 " If that's the case—roast-beef good bye,  
 " It's place shall fricassee supply;  
 " Our famous soup, with gravy strong,  
 " Shall to soup-meagre turn ere long,  
 " And we, by eating French ragouts,  
 " Shall soon be fit for wooden shoes."

Fir'd with the patriotic sound,  
 Instruct—instruct—was echo'd round;  
 Faint Opposition hung her head,  
 Instructions, ready-made, were read;  
 When from the kitchen \* bouncing Will  
 Issu'd, altho' his jack stood still,

So

\* William Beckford, esq. one of the City Members, whose speech in the common hall is here parodied.

The Author would not be thought to disapprove of Constituents instructing their Members on proper subjects, and in a proper manner. The particular interests of his constituents, it is undoubtedly the duty of every Member to promote to the utmost of his power, and nobody can so well instruct him in those interests as themselves: but he humbly conceives none are so competent

So fierce his rage was, none could quell him,  
To tell his masters what to tell him.

“ I know some wicked Cooks (says he)  
“ That scruple your authority,  
“ In teaching them how they should do  
“ What they know better far than you ;  
“ But no such graceless Whight am I,  
“ ’Tis your’s t’ instruct, mine to comply ;  
“ Bid me put hemlock in your broth,  
“ I’d do it—tho’ I should be loth.  
“ Your ancient soup, it seems, you find  
“ Has too much *time* in’t for your mind,  
“ Sev’n sprigs our rule was,—you think three  
“ Would be enough——too much for me ;—  
“ Why more than one ? I, as a friend,  
“ That number fain would recommend.”

A gen’ral shout approv’d his speech,  
But ’twas too late to make a breech.

K. 2

In

petent, in regard to the general interests of the nation, as the legislative body itself; since they have not only the advantage of genuine information in all affairs of state from the Royal cabinet, but from their rank in life, liberal education, and conversation with the intelligent, they are not liable to those deceptions which are too often practiced by designing partizans, upon the uninformed, though well-intending body of the community at large, who, though they always judge *honestly*, for the reasons above, cannot always judge *wisely*.

In lessons so compleatly writ ;—  
T' have chang'd one word, had spoil'd their wit.  
Just as they were th' instructions went,  
And to the Cooks were quickly sent.

The feast was made—but such a treat !  
Scarce any thing was fit to eat,  
Things out of season, out of place,  
Reflected on the Cooks disgrace,  
And those that happened to be right,  
Improper sauces ruin'd quite.  
Their fav'rite soup—Ah piteous waste !  
The very dogs refused to taste.



THE

THE

## Fair Maid of Colnbrook.

A

SONG.

WHERE Coln's silver current glides gently along,

Resides a sweet virgin, the theme of my song,  
 Whose eyes since I met I have ne'er been at ease,  
 But sigh'd for the charmer that waits at the Keys.

Ah ! why were those Keys so unluckily crost ?  
 An emblem to shew that all hearts must be lost,  
 Who give up their freedom my fair-one to please,  
 And sue to obtain the sweet lass at the Keys.

When

When blooming, and smiling, and brisk as a bee,  
 She brings me my bumper, or waits on my tea,  
 My glass or my tea-cup would fall with a breeze,  
 While I'm lost in admiring the lass at the Keys.

Were I a Physician, or Lawyer so keen,  
 And but once that fair wonder of beauty had seen,  
 I would quit my profession, and give up my fees,  
 And turn Tapster to dwell with the lass at the  
 Keys.

Ye rakes of gay London, should Fame bring you  
 here,  
 To view those bright charms which to me are so  
 dear,  
 Haste back to the Garden, and quaff of the lees  
 Of beauty,---but wrong not the lass at the Keys.

She must be a goddess, whatever she seem,  
 The Naiad, perchance, that presides o'er the  
 stream;  
 I'll crown its sweet banks, and beneath its fair  
 trees  
 An altar I'll raise to the Nymph at the Keys.

Ne'er

Ne'er tell me 'tis fancy, the proofs are too plain,  
What mortal so lovely e'er smil'd on a swain?  
With all that gives rapture, yet nothing to tease,  
Is endued the sweet breast of the nymph at the  
Keys.

The liquor or food from her hand I receive,  
(How strangely 'tis alter'd you'd hardly believe)  
Ambrosia and Nectar becomes with a squeeze  
Of her you imagine the lass at the Keys.

Yet, Sukey, my fair-one, attend to my strain,  
Fair Thetis was woo'd, tho' a nymph of the main,  
Nor did mortal passion bright Venus displease,  
Then be not hard-hearted, sweet nymph at the  
Keys.

Of something or other all creatures are fond,  
The birds love the air, and the fish love the pond,  
The Dutchman loves butter, the Welchman loves  
cheese,  
But I can love only the lass at the Keys.

O! were

O ! were she contented to rest by my side,  
With her in a cottage I'd freely reside,  
Mind nothing but tending my sheep or my bees,  
And enjoying the love of the lass at the Keys.

But ah ! 'tis in vain that I languish and pine,  
The Fates have decreed, she shall never be mine ;  
In spite of my flame her fair bosom will freeze,  
Tho' I die to possess the sweet lass at the Keys.



## FALL OF PRIDE,

OR,

## THE TWO LILIES;

A FABLE.

"**T**WAS on a vernal festive day,  
The Goddess of ambrosial flow'rs  
Summon'd her train of beauties gay,  
To grace her amaranthine bow'r.

The blooming tribes obedient came,  
In Nature's richest colours dight,  
Nor could the pow'rs of Fancy frame  
A group more exquisitely bright.

L

Blushing

Blushing her beauties to unfold,  
 The Paphian Rose led on the way,  
 Rich purple vestments streak'd with gold  
 The stately Tulip's charms array.

The Hyacinth, in azure drest,  
 Diffus'd sweet rays of tender light,  
 And fair Narcissus' lovely breast  
 Was cloth'd in robes of shining white.

Each fragrant daughter of the spring  
 Some bright peculiar charm display'd,  
 The meanest to their mistress bring  
 Some genuine sweet to grace her shade.

Above the rest, with pride elate,  
 Superior of the vernal fair,  
 The Garden Lily rose in state,  
 And scatter'd incense thro' the air.

Fast by her side, with head reclin'd,  
 The humble Lily of the Vale,  
 In whom all modest charms combin'd,  
 With od'rous balm perfum'd the gale.

With

With great disdain the haughty flow'r  
That rears her silver bells on high,  
Saw from the summit of her pow'r  
Her bashful sister plac'd so nigh:

And tho' the lowly harmless fair  
Nor sought to rival or offend,  
She spurn'd her with contemptuous air,  
And thus with pride did insult blend.

" Presumptuous weed! whose drooping brow  
" Proclaims the baseness of thy birth,  
" Within some swampy valley low,  
" The meanest offspring of the earth,

" Emerg'd from thy obscure retreat,  
" Dar'st thou presume to mate with me,  
" Usurp my name, and place thy seat,—  
" Thy little seat near Majesty?

" For me the lab'ring hind with care,  
" And nicest art, prepares a bed,  
" The glory of the gay paterre,  
" Where'er I lift my shining head,

“ Monarchs and Peers of high degree,  
 “ To grace their alleys, court my bloom,  
 “ Whilst, bury’d in obscurity,  
 “ Thou lurk’st beneath thy native gloom.”

“ The humbler beauties of the spring  
 “ Submit to my imperial sway,  
 “ And seek the shelter of my wing  
 “ To screen them from the parching ray.”

“ That ray my breast exulting bears,  
 “ Which would thy feeble life devour,  
 “ Can she who of my nature shares,  
 “ Not share the fervors of an hour?”

“ Hence then, vain-glorious plant, disclaim  
 “ Honours, alas! for thee unmeet,  
 “ Resign at once thy place and name,  
 “ And fly to thy obscure retreat.”

O’erpower’d, dejected, and confus’d,  
 The flow’ry valley’s fragrant pride  
 Retir’d in silence, though accus’d,  
 And sought in shades her griefs to hide.

But

Or, THE TWO LILIES.

77

But Flora, who with equal eye  
Beholds the subjects of her reign,  
Thus, from her throne, with just reply  
Reprov'd the arrogant and vain.

" Say, tyrant of the vernal race,  
Who rear'd thy cow'ring head so high,  
Who gave thee being, odour, grace,  
And call'd thee into majesty ?

" When, grov'ling on the dusty plain,  
Thy undistinguish'd atom lay,  
Where then the glories of thy reign ?  
How differ'd then thy sister's clay ?

" Jove, whose creative pow'r I share,  
To me the grateful task assign'd,  
To bless throughout the varied year  
The favour'd seats of human-kind.

" Subservient to his will supreme,  
Each plastic pow'r my voice obeys,  
The clouds descend, the zephyrs teem,  
And Phœbus gives his kindly rays.

" Thence,

“ Thence, even winter’s season drear,  
“ Sees the bold Laurestine rise,  
“ The Holly’s radiant gem appear,  
“ And Snow-drops mock th’ inclement skies.

“ Thence, hill and dale and rustic wild  
“ Can with the cultur’d garden vie,  
“ And soothe, with pleasures sweet and mild,  
“ The anxious breast of Poverty :

“ From me alike the flow’ry race  
“ Receive their virtues, charms and pow’r,  
“ ’Tis I appoint their time and place,  
“ To gild a season or an hour :

“ Then cease, deluded flow’r, to vent  
“ The empty boasts of guilty pride,  
“ The charms I gave, the pow’r I lent,  
“ At my recall shall soon subside.

“ That destin’d insect crawling near,  
“ Which now thy lofty eye disdains,  
“ Shall fill thy swelling heart with fear,  
“ And lay thee prostrate on the plains :

“ While

Or, THE TWO LILIES. 79

" While she, whose humble merits claim  
" The aid of my vindictive arm,  
" Shall see thy end, enjoy thy name,  
" And oft renew each fragrant charm."



VERSES

( 80 )

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# V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO THE

*Rev. Dr. L.....e,*

With a Present of a Gold-headed Cane,  
on which was engraved the following  
Motto.

*I. Secundo Omne. January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1770.*

---

**G**O, slender token of my great regard,  
Nor doubt acceptance from the gentle bard,  
With happy omens on his steps attend,  
And bear him all the wishes of his friend ;  
Go—and when kindly honour'd by his hand,  
Be thine the virtues of the magic wand ;  
Eager to serve, the young desire supply,  
And catch th' idea kindling in his eye.

Off'

Oft' as he lightly lifts thee from the ground,  
Let pleasures, wealth, and honours rise around,  
Let Love, let Friendship grace the blissful scene,  
Nor Danger, Care, nor Sorrow intervene; —  
This be thy task for him,—for me remains  
A bus'ness worthy of thy noblest pains.  
Whene'er his friendly touch shall greet thy head,  
Through all his veins thy potent influence shed,  
With Fancy's pencil tinge each vital part,  
And form the Donor's image on his heart.

M INNO.

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## INNOCENCE.

### POETICAL ESSAY.

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#### BOOK I.

O Ever-smiling Maid, Offspring of Heaven,  
And even with Divinity itself  
Co-eval, ere th' angelick quires began,  
On golden harps to praise the sacred source  
Of being and of bliss ; or ever guilt,  
Tho' elder than this fabrick old of earth  
And all surrounding skies, thou sat'st enthron'd,  
Associate with the ever-blest Supreme.  
O joy-bestowing Innocence, to thee  
My lyre I string—Parent of Harmony ;  
Thee I invoke—O kindly deign to be  
At once my inspiration and my theme.

Where-

Wherever, in this labyrinth of vice,  
Thy roving feet pursue the secret track  
Of latent virtue, whether in the wilds  
Of uncorrupted nature thou delight'st,  
By haunted forests, and savannahs rude,  
And hoary streams, whose lonely banks resound  
With hideous yells and all the Silvan roar,  
With undesigning Ignorance to dwell:  
Or rather in the venerable sage's breast,  
Whose unfrequented cave,—solemn—and dark—  
Thou dost illumine: or dost thou prefer  
Midst nymphs and swains in flow'ry meads to sport,  
And by thy smiles improve the face of Joy;  
Or lov'st thou to attend Affliction's couch,  
And pour thy balm into the wounded breast:  
Thence I invoke thee—do thou not disdain  
Thy suppliant's prayer—O fear not to approach  
My humble roof: for here, no wealth abounds  
To swell the crest of pride; no tumults rage  
To banish sacred peace; no pleasures laugh  
At virtue's sober mien; no fav'rite here  
Of fortune dwells, with supercilious grin  
To mock thy smiles: nor fear, celestial maid,  
The trader's fraudulent wiles; for sooner here  
Shall Poverty, with her afflictive train  
Of meagre wants, sharp griefs and biting taunts,  
Take up her hated residence, than e'er

Dishonest arts shall drive her from my door;  
Nor let the Muse give umbrage, tho' too oft  
She has been found thy foe, too oft has deck'd,  
With flow'ry wreaths, the shameless brow of Vice,  
Too oft has flatter'd Wealth: But ah! if mine  
To aught but Virtue raise her moral song,  
Let ev'ry note be discord, tho' she sing  
Lonely, and, like the harmless redbreast, tune  
Her feeble lay, unnoted from her shrub:  
Tho' no ennobled patron deign to smile  
Upon her artless strain; if thou vouchsafe  
With thy enliv'ning influence to cheer  
Her honest breast, all shall be rapt'rous joy,

*Augusta, royal maid, Britannia's pride!*  
Of all her blooming daughters chief; nor less  
In potent beauty eminent; the praise  
How great! where Venus omnipresent smiles  
On ev'ry cheek, and sways in ev'ry eye! not she,  
Sea-born, impure, unfaithful as its waves,  
Her bosom to each bold advent'rer free;  
Whose venal rites mistaken *Rome, and Greece,*  
Still first in superstition, blindly paid;  
Whose magick Cestus, with contagious vice,  
Fir'd gods and men; but she whose high descent  
Sprang from the fountain of celestial sweets,

Supreme

Supreme in beauty, modesty, and love :  
By ev'ry grace attended, ev'ry pow'r  
To touch the fibres of the manly heart  
With sweetly-thrilling anguish, well repaid  
When to the breast, fierce-throbbing with desire,  
Consenting *Hymen* gives the blushing maid,  
In artless Innocence bedight, and with her charms,  
(Baffling the pow'rs of love-taught *Naso's* pen)  
Yielding the hand unsorc'd, the faithful heart,  
Tender, susceptible of social joy,  
Spring of each soft affection, ev'ry bliss  
Bestowing and receiving, firm to hold  
Th' unchangeful ardour of well-settled love,  
To anger, envy, and each lawless wish  
Alike insensible. Thrice happy Prince,  
By Heav'n high-favour'd, whose heroic deeds,  
Or royal virtues shall inspire the breast  
Of bright *Augusta* with the gen'rous flame !  
Methinks, already, the prophetic Muse,  
Rapt into future times, beholds wide-spread  
Their god-like issue, some in shining steel,  
Guiding the storm of war, and 'midst its rage  
Shedding soft mercies ; while the vanquish'd foe,  
Made by misfortune blest, against his will,  
Submits to justice, happiness and peace.  
Others I see on *Europe's* regal thrones  
Plac'd eminent, o'er many an happy realm,

The

The British, Brunswick, and the Saxon stream,  
Of patriotic virtues (in their breasts  
United happily) diffusing wide.  
Exulting millions, yet unborn, I see,  
With hands uplifted and extended throats,  
Blessing their equal sway, by Heav'n ordain'd  
Guardians of Justice, Liberty and Truth ;  
The future Georges of succeeding years.  
What means this rising tumult in my veins ?  
Why beats my heart ? Why from the coming ray  
Do my dim'd eyes avert ? O 'tis too much,  
My Muse ! quick shrowd me from the lust'rous  
train,  
Left Fancy droop oppress, and let me see  
But half their numbers, or but half their charms.  
These are thy beauteous offspring, royal maid, &  
The mothers, daughters, wives, of future Kings.  
Then haste, slow-footed Time, thy wings expand ;  
Lead on the golden moments in thy rear  
To bless Augusta, and in her the world,

Meanwhile illustrious, fair-one, condescend,  
With smiles of sweet humility, that shine  
Above the glare of pride, to bless the Bard,  
Whose muse, tho' friendless and unknown, presumes  
To cast an humble off'ring at your feet ;  
And with your name to dignify her song.

Him-

Himself tho' lowly, unadorn'd his verse,  
Yet is his theme, like her to whom he sues,  
Great, good, and fair, pure as her virgin breast,  
The joy of Nature, and delight of Heaven.

Profuse in charms, O how shall I begin  
The copious verse ! as well my pencil rude  
Might paint the dazzling glories of the sun ;  
(Glories less bright than thine) as boldly hope  
To draw the matchless lustre of thy face.  
Lives there a wretch, thro' nature's wide domain,  
On Niger's sooty shores, or Asia's wilds,  
Or where the savage Indian hunts for food,  
Where science never trod, or laws were known,  
Who not admires thee? Lives there one whose mind,  
With more than savage darkness overwhelm'd,  
Shrinks not at Vice, but boldly rushes on  
To Theft, Adult'ry, Murder? Even he,  
Like the foul ravisher of some sweet maid,  
While he abuses, loves thee. Such thy charms,  
That ev'n in lifeless nature, whatsoe'er  
Wears but some feature of thy loveliness,  
Thence grace derives, and fair esteem and love,  
The candid robe of thee, all-winning maid,  
Hue emblematic, angels deign to wear,  
To mortal eye effulgent; ancient Rome

In

In spotless white, external purity,  
Array'd her sons of empire, courting sway;  
This liv'ry still fair Chastity delights,  
And when the Virgin at the altar stands  
To plight eternal faith, in this attire  
She pleases best; best seeming what she is.  
Th' unblemish'd lamb, emblem of thee confess,  
The holy Saviour of mankind himself  
Blest angels call; when at th' Almighty throne  
High-minist'ring, before his sacred feet  
They cast their golden crowns and fill the vault,  
The saphire vault of Heav'n with worthy praise.

Nor was thy other hieroglyphic Fair  
Less honour'd, when at Jordan's hallow'd fount  
The fated spirit, ever-bless'd, assum'd  
Her silv'ry form, upon the son much lov'd  
Descending visible. How blest the age  
Golden, not fabulous, but ah! too short;  
When to thy gentle sway, illustrious maid,  
All nature yielded! then the clement air  
Breath'd balsam; then no noxious vapours rose  
Baleful to health; no nitre-loaded clouds  
Burst thunder, threat'ning with their horrid shock  
Confusion universal: then the sun,  
Great source of light, uninterrupted rode

Ma-

Majestick, gilding all the azure cope  
Of Heav'n with splendor; driving far away  
Heart-numbing cold, and with his gen'rous beams  
Rip'ning eternal fruits. No enmity  
In brutal souls then lodg'd; the harmless lamb  
Stray'd fearless; wolves with tygers play'd,  
Lions with bears, the timid hart and hare  
Had naught to fear from fellow-beasts or man:  
The spotted leopard and hyæna tame,  
Glar'd not terrifick; thirst of vital gore  
The bestial train felt not. Throughout th' expanse  
Of the pure bosom'd air, the warbling quires  
Their dulcet songs attun'd, to hill and dale  
Beneath, clear spring, and odorif'rous shade  
Hymning thy praise; nor fear'd the talons keen  
Of kite or eagle; feather'd tyrants fierce!  
Not then with poison swell'd the crested snake,  
Or loathsome toad, nor chang'd *Aracne* yet  
Spreads snares insidious, wholesome earth brought  
forth  
No life-destroying plants, cicuta fell,  
Curs'd aconite, or nightshade deadly; nor,  
From out its secret store-house deep and dark,  
Gave fiery ars'nick or mercurial bane.  
Within his rocky caves rough *Boreas* pent  
Th' imprison'd storms, nor let their rage break loose  
To vex the foaming surge, or on the earth

N

To

To whirl destruction, naught abroad was heard  
But Zephyr's gentle gales, from scene to scene  
Sweet odours wasting. Universal peace  
Throughout the air, earth, sea, smil'd harmless,  
                  whilst  
Enraptur'd man, not yet offending, reign'd  
Sole lord of all, in happiness complete;  
But ah! he fell: from thy dominion calm  
Rashly withdrawing, and with him soon join'd,  
Revolting nature. Then swift vanish'd all  
The flow'rs, the genuine sweets, and ev'ry charm  
And ev'ry bliss creating paradise:  
Rude anarchy prevail'd, and endless war  
The jarring elements excite; fierce storms  
Impetuous bluster, horrid lightnings glare,  
Black clouds surcharg'd pour torrents, thunders  
                  loud  
Rive the firm oaks, and rend the solid rocks:  
The earth convuls'd, from her foundation heaves,  
And yawning mountains from their ample throats  
Belch flames sulphureous; from his polar realms  
Bleak Winter marches forth, with fleecy hair  
And stream-arresting rod, with shafts unseen,  
Deep-felt, afflicting man and beast. No more the  
                  fields  
Spontaneous harvests crown, fertile alone  
In weeds, and rugged thorns, and baneful plants,

Re-

Requiring labour much, and painful toil,  
To clear the glebe and break the stubborn clods;  
And many an anxious fear exciting, ere  
Bright *Ceres* to the autumn sun displays  
Her life-supporting bounty. Now no more  
The race quadruped to their rightful lord  
Pay due allegiance, but rebellious turn  
Their murd'rous fangs and jaws against his life.  
Thro' air, earth sea, fell discord rages; beasts  
With beasts engage; birds prey on birds, and fish  
Fishes devour: nor long the human race  
From rapine, rage, and human blood refrain.  
By sore experience taught, what without thee  
Nor Peace nor Happiness long time on earth  
Sep'reate reside, for thy protection then  
Man leagued with man, city with city join'd,  
And tribe with tribe: thus nations rose,  
And all the graceful orders that compose  
The beauty, strength and harmony of states  
Sprang into birth; thence the sweet nuptial tye  
Replete with blessings: scepter'd Majesty,  
With all her guard of delegated powers,  
For thy protection waves the awful sword.  
O! but for thee, *Religion* ne'er had left  
Her bright abodes, to teach the laws of Heav'n,  
And point the road of happiness to man.  
Without thy friendly aid we vainly hope

To taste of bliss, thou, the sole spring of joy,  
Of ev'ry human care sole comforter.  
The mimick pow'r, who artful, wears thy form,  
And with a specious figure cheats mankind,  
Boasts not these arts. To mortal eye impervious,  
High in the middle regions of the air,  
(Whence hov'ring spirits of malignant kind  
Their baleful influence shed, scatt'ring abroad  
Lusts, envyings, war, and ev'ry purple plague  
Upon this lower world) a palace stands,  
Or rather in the Cœrule ether floats,  
Where false *Hypocrisy* has fix'd her seat.  
The stately edifice no base supports,  
Yet to the eye it bears an aspect fair,  
Solid and firm. The building regular,  
With ev'ry modest ornament enrich'd.  
Marble it seems, with ev'ry colour stain'd  
That forms the glories of the solar ray;  
Tho' nought but mottled clouds. The front alone  
Is thus adorn'd; for all around besides  
Is shaggy, black and horrid. As the sun  
Shapes his diurnal course, the shifting dome  
Changes its site, and still its beauteous front  
His beams opposes. Thus without appears;  
Within, the naked walls are cover'd o'er  
With various scenery; which, whensoe'er

The

The changeful sor'ress waves her ebon wand,  
Alters to what she lists the ample hall.  
Now like a goodly temple it appears,  
With decent altar grac'd, its spacious walls  
With golden lines inscrib'd, and sacred texts.  
Her fav'rite demons then are quickly turn'd  
To devotees, herself the priestess : then  
Her mask is thrown aside, again she waves :  
When lo ! a sumptuous theatre it seems.  
The lengthen'd scene her airy dancers fill  
With many an antick form, female and male ;  
A thousand swelling bosoms, fair-expos'd,  
Pant to the air ; while many a gesture lewd,  
And glance lascivious kindle flames of lust.  
Again her ebon rod is lifted up,  
And all around her seems a rural plain.  
Herself in outward form a simple maid :  
So modestly array'd, as if she fear'd  
The very winds should breathe upon her charms;  
So chaste her looks, that scarcely from the ground  
Her sober eyes she turns ; whilst on her cheek  
The apprehensive blush stands half display'd.  
'Twere endless to recount the various forms  
Her palace takes, more endless to relate  
The num'rous wiles which there she practices :  
From whence descending on the sons of men,  
Their breasts she fills with every fraudulent art.

In-

Inspir'd by her, fell *Cruelty* can wear  
*Religion's* holy garb, and raging *Lust*  
 The sweetly-smiling face of virtuous *Love*:  
*Curst Malice* can with *Friendship's* smiles betray,  
 And mad *Ambition* make her country's good  
 A plea for its destruction. Ev'ry form,  
 That in the eye of heav'n and earth appears  
 Most amiable, she puts on; but still,  
 Beneath the studied smile lurks endless dread,  
 Remorse, and mad'ning disappointment. O !  
 What diff'rent fate attends the man who boasts  
 Thee for his guide? Unstudied wisdom thou,  
 Thy lore, the peasant and philosopher  
 Alike may learn. O bind it to my heart,  
 And thro' each sad vicissitude of life,  
 Let thy eternal comforts cheer my soul!

How do thy charms to ev'ry human state,  
 To ev'ry age give lustre? *Infancy*  
 Drest in thy beauty shines: and who can view,  
 Without sensations soft, the harmless babe?  
 O lost to goodness, lost to manly sense,  
 Lost to each virtuous feeling of the soul,  
 Abandon'd *Herod*! execrable name,  
 To fost'ring mothers dire! what dastard rage  
 Inflam'd thy cruel breast, to draw the sword  
 Of slaught'ring war, like frantick *Ajax* once,

On

On unoffending lambs ? Ah ! then was heard  
In *Rama* bitter cries and loud laments,  
Fair *Ruchael's* daughters weeping for the fate  
Of their lov'd infants, now, alas ! no more.  
O horrid fact ! O weak, mistaken prince !  
The King thou feard'st shall reign o'er heav'n and  
earth  
In spite of thine and all the *Heathens* rage.  
So potent is the charm of infant smiles,  
Tho' lost on thee, inhuman ! beasts of prey  
Have soften'd at the sight, and their swol'n paps,  
In care maternal, fraught with milky food,  
Have offer'd : thus did *Rome's* great founder suck  
A savage wolf ; when, with his brother twin,  
In lonely wilds expos'd ; 'twas this that sav'd  
The lives of *Oedipus* and *Cyrus* Great,  
By pitying swains preserv'd, to glory one,  
The other to misfortunes, not his due.  
He, whose blest life thou sought'st, tho' King of  
Heav'n,  
Disdain'd not on the lovely babe to cast  
His gracious eye ; but oft within his arms  
The pleasing innocents he took, and pour'd  
Rich blessings on their heads, announcing loud  
Of such his sacred kingdom was compos'd.  
Pratling *childhood* from thy pure fountain draws  
Its greatly-pleasing power : what nameless joys

Parental bosoms fill, when on the knee  
The little fondling pours forth all its heart?

How lovely in the sight of God and Man  
The gracious youth, whose op'ning bud expands  
In blooming innocence? How apt to catch  
Th' instructive lesson from the prudent lip  
Of sage experience? while the candid mind,  
Unstain'd with vice, unwarped by passion's rage,  
Not without joy, receives th' impression fair  
Of godlike virtue. Not the scythe of Time,  
The bad examples of a world corrupt,  
Nor all the force of avarice and lust  
Shall from his manly soul have pow'r to rase  
The deep-wrought characters. Ye parents wise,  
Who fain would see your much-lov'd issue grac'd,  
With virtue's sacred wreath, O fill betimes  
The vacant breast of youth with wisdom's laws,  
The love of justice, honour, truth, and heav'n!  
So shall the springing weeds of vice decay,  
Nor find a space to flourish in; so shall  
His years mature your providence repay  
With duty, gratitude, and filial love;  
And when, thro' feeble age, the gay delights  
Of life shall cease, his virtues shall reflect  
Comfort and honour on your life's decline.

Nor

Nor speaks the Muse at random; well she knows  
The sacred truth she sings; when, in the heat  
Of giddy youth, thro' pleasure's flow'ry paths,  
Fondly I've stray'd, how often, on the verge  
Of guilt's black precipice, have I been sav'd  
By early-planted virtue? if till now,  
The common centre of the age of man,  
No action base, no circumstance unjust,  
Blots my fair fame, no unrepented sin  
Pollutes my soul; next to the grace of heav'n,  
Blest be the hand, the wise, the fost'ring hand,  
Parental! to his early care alone  
I owe the mighty blessing: yet, alas!  
How oft, fair *Innocente*, (my blushing cheeks  
Confess my shame) have I lost sight of thee?

Ah then, how joyless the surrounding scene  
Thy presence wanting! not the jocund voice  
Of mirth, wit's pleasing edge, the charms  
Of social converse, no, nor beauty's smiles,  
Could from my sad remorseful breast remove  
The painful melancholy. Not for me  
The feather'd songsters make the skies resound  
With artless melody: adorn'd with flow'rs  
Smiles the gay mead; whilst from each vocal hedge  
The yellow woodbine and the blushing rose

O

Their

Their fragrance scatter ; but, ah ! not for me,  
The future harvest swells ; the verdant groves  
In varied shades their mingling arms extend ;  
Umbrage delightful ! murmuring along  
Its pebbly road, in soothing cadence glides  
The limpid brook : grateful to guiltless woe !  
The gay parterre, Nature's museum, shines  
With vernal rarities : the tulip there  
Her silken foliage spreads, striking the eye  
With blended tints, more various than the flights  
Of roving fancy ; yet the flow'ry tribe  
A thousand beauties boast as fair as she ;  
But future harvests swelling, nor the groves  
Delightful umbrage, drest in varied shades  
Of pleasing verdure ; not the limpid brook  
In soothing cadence murmur'ring ; no, nor all  
The vernal rarities the gay parterre,  
Nature's museum, shews, could give my soul  
The relish of delight. Ah ! then I found  
Joy was not made for guilt. With earnest tears  
Thy absence I deplore, with earnest step  
Sorr'wing I fought thee ; never sought in vain.  
Smiling thou cam'st, and to my mind restor'd  
Serenity and peace : then mirth and wit  
And social converse charm'd, and beauty's smiles  
Gave rapture : then the artless melody  
Of birds could please, the flow'ry meads delight,  
Nor

Nor bloom'd in vain the woodbine and the rose ;  
The charms of Nature then inspir'd my soul  
With wonder, extasy, and sacred praise.

Does *Infancy*, does *Youth* alone contend  
To wear thy ornaments ? Not so, bright *Maid*,  
Still more thy beauties deck *maturer Age*,  
And manly wisdom ; like some radiant star,  
Shines the bright hero, who, amidst these clouds  
Of moral darkness, spreads thy glories wide :  
At his approach, the ugly monster *Vice*  
Shrinks at his own deformity, and flies  
To *Hypocrisy* for shelter : health and fame,  
And peace and joy, and universal love,  
And ev'ry virtue wait upon his steps.  
Can *Vice* and *Fraud*, and *Av'rice* load their sons  
With sensual pleasures, grandeur, pow'r and  
wealth ?  
Granted they can. But sensual pleasures cloy,  
And lead to sickness, poverty and shame :  
Grandeur and pow'r are but the shades of bliss,  
And wealth can never heal the aching heart.  
This *Florio* found ; in youth's gay prime, adorn'd  
With sprightly wit, and ev'ry manly charm,  
Nor wealth nor titles wanting : but, alas !  
Fair *Innocence*, he sought not thee. Inflam'd,

O 3 He

aliquantus duxi non iudic : nolam sibi ducere A  
digna.

He cry'd, ' What boots to me the strong-brac'd  
nerve,

' Of lusty youth, the sprightly charms of wit,  
' The wealth of India's or Potosi's mines,  
' Or pomp of noble ancestry, if I,  
' Like Age or Poverty, must live confin'd  
' To Virtue's rigid rules? No, let me taste  
' Life's sweet delights, now while the blood runs  
high,

' And all around conspires to give me bliss.'

By specious arguments awhile compos'd,  
Reason dissent'd not. Now Riot roars,

The jolly God his ivy garland twines  
Around his brows; while, unrestrain'd, keen Wit

His feather'd shafts lets fly, at all alike,  
Reason, Religion, Virtue. Now Debauch,

Tir'd of herself, ranges from place to place  
In search of objects new, t' enflame her lusts,

To satiate her desires: In vain she roves,  
In vain repeats the same dull pleasures o'er

Which erst transported: where she seeks for Joy,  
She meets Disgust. Now from his pallid cheeks

Health's vivid colours fly, and in their stead  
A haggard leanness overspreads his face:

Esteem and Honour, with respectful bow,  
No more attend upon his op'ning gates;

A levee base of pimps and parasites,  
Or angry duns, await his presence; then

Awak'd his reason: but, in youth untaught  
Arigh

Aright to look for bliss, again he err'd.  
At length (he cry'd) my open'd eyes perceive,  
Pleasure attends not on the midnight bowl;  
Nor follows she, observant, the wild maze  
Where mad'ning frolick leads her noisy dance;  
Nor dwells she always with companions lewd,  
Nor in the venal smile and cold embrâce  
Of public Courtezans: No, Love alone,  
Love free as air, by nuptial ties unforc'd,  
Its glowing ardour catching from the flame  
Of Nature's lamp) can give unpall'd delight.  
Resolv'd his new experiment to try,  
His revels he forsakes, discards his crew  
Of drunken rioters, and at the feet  
Of fair Florella breathes his am'rous vows.  
Florella was to humbler station born,  
Nor fortunate in that; on which the peer  
His flatt'ring hopes had built: but by the care  
Of parents excellent, tho' now no more,  
Her heart was well acquainted with the laws  
Of virtuous Innocence. Lovely her form,  
As ever fir'd the breast of glowing youth  
To its undoing. Deep in Florio's heart  
Love fix'd his shaft; but knowing well the maid  
Was chaste as fair, he cloth'd his artful suit  
In tend'rest guise, and honour's spotless garb,  
Lulling suspicion; till the fair-one's eyes  
Sparkled a soft confession: then the youth,

In

In flow'ry eloquence and accents soft,  
As zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the roseate bow'r,  
Thus gloss'd his foul intent. ' Queen of my heart,  
• Amidst a thousand fair, most charming thou;  
• Amidst a thousand chaste, most virtuous :  
• Never did lover equal ardours feel,  
• Never had lover cause. How poor the maid  
• In wealth and titles rich, compar'd to thee !  
• Curse on the venal youth, who weds for aught  
• But sacred love ; well he deserves to feel  
• The poignant stings of matrimonial strife.  
• Ah ! why has priestcraft forg'd those hated chains  
• To shackle freeborn souls ? can rings of gold,  
• Or empty forms of ceremonial words,  
• Virtue to vice, or vice to virtue change ?  
• Or where their magick to secure the heart  
• Against inconstancy ? behold, sweet maid,  
• The tenants of the air : how faithful they ?  
• Yet no restraint these tuneful lovers know ;  
• They chuse from nature, and their bond is love,  
• Thus let us live, above the vulgar ties  
• To vulgar passions suited : love like mine,  
• Fed by a kind return, shall flame till death :  
• Whilst wedded lovers surfeit on forc'd sweets,  
• And sink t' indiff'rence, Thence with bold  
embrace,  
He seiz'd the fair, not doubting the effect.

Of his fine-spoken tale : but she with rage,  
And conscious dignity inspir'd broke loose,  
And with a scornful frown address'd him. ' Know,  
' Audacious lord, tho' poor Florella boasts  
' Nor wealth nor titles ; yet the boasts a mine  
' Can purchase bliss, when wealth and titles fail.  
' A guiltless heart. Had you with honour woo'd,  
' It had been yours ; tho' to a Shepherd's crook  
' Your coronet were chang'd. Such as it is,  
' Some honest man may think it worth his love,  
' And such alone shall gain it.' Here she cast  
Upon th' astonish'd peer a farewell glance,  
Which spoke disdain unspeakable—and fled.

Florio was struck. Conviction for awhile  
Flash'd on his mind. So awful virtue's frowns,  
But pride recoil'd, and now he has recourse  
To sordid artifice : A thousand wiles,  
Of fraud or flatt'ry, vainly he essay'd ;  
So cautious was the fair. At length, by force  
He gain'd her to his pow'r : and, just about  
To seize that bliss which virtue cannot grant,  
The desp'rate maid (preferring innocence  
To guilty life) forth from its scabbard snatch'd  
His weapon keen, and plung'd it in her breast.  
Then, all at once, love, guilt, remorse, despair,  
Burst on his mind ; a mad'ning horror seiz'd  
His agitated brain, and made him feel

The

The pangs reserv'd for unrepented crimes.  
He grasp'd the reeking sword, and would have  
made Those pangs eternal : but in-rushing friends  
Preserv'd his life. Pardon he durst not ask  
Of heaven, or her ; premeditated guilt,  
Like his, had banish'd ev'ry glimpse of hope.  
The bleeding maid his agonies beheld,  
And, guiltless of revenge, with pitying eyes  
And accents thus address'd him—\* *Floriogae.*  
‘ Compose thy mind ; thy inj'ries I forgive ;  
‘ My pains, I plainly see, are less than thine ;  
‘ And such would be, tho' they should lead to death ;  
‘ But ah ! my coward arm has been too weak  
‘ In virtue's cause : yet learn from hence, rash  
youth,  
‘ *Florella* scorns to live, her honour stain'd.’  
Return'd the peer, in weeping penitence  
Abash'd ; ‘ O heav'nly maid ! canst thou forgive  
‘ So base a wretch ? and dost thou still survive  
‘ To beam inspiring virtue on my soul ?  
‘ I would not suffer such another pang,  
‘ To gain a whole long life of guilty bliss.  
‘ But O ! my friends, bind up, with tend'rest care,  
‘ The fair-one's wounds, and interceed, if yet,  
‘ Tho' greatly undeserving, she may deign,  
‘ When health returns, to bless me with her hand,

‘ Were

Were I the lord of half the subject globe,  
I could not taste of bliss, should she refuse  
To share my throne.' The wounded Maid,  
with eyes

Pleasure thro' pain expressing, not return'd  
A scornful answer, leaving room for hope :  
For ah ! too well her heart had always lov'd  
The faithless Lord, who, wholly alter'd now,  
Each day gave proof of penitence sincere;  
And virtuous love. Shortly, her health restor'd,  
Deserv'd success his worthier passion met :  
In ever sacred ties their hands and hearts  
Were bound, and *Florio* tasted joy. Whence, but  
From thee, all-shining Maid, shall drooping Age  
Draw reverence, draw comfort ? when grey Time  
Has o'er each former-pleasing object cast  
His mantle dun; and mirth and wit have lost  
Their wonted charms ; when the slow-creeping  
blood

Scarce animates the frame, and the deaf'd ear  
Soft music's thrilling note hears without joy ;  
When the lute's speaking strings discordant seem,  
And ev'n the god-like Muse wakes not the soul :  
When o'er the human countenance divine  
Deformity prevails, and clean outworn  
Is ev'ry pleasurable trace ; then Thou

P

With

With graceful silver canst the hoary head  
Clothe venerable; then can thy pleasing smiles,  
Reflected back from Youth to welcome Age,  
Sooth ev'ry painful incidental woe,  
And charm the horrors of approaching Death.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



**I N N O C E N C E.****P O E T I C A L E S S A Y.****B O O K II.**

**F**IR'D with the glowing theme, again my Muse  
 Snatches her lyre; much she has left unsung,  
 Much she must leave; tho' she should stretch her  
 song  
 From Day's prime dawn, till bright-ey'd *Venus*  
 leads  
 To fields of azure the Hesperian train.

As once, 'tis fabled, on fam'd *Ida*'s mount,  
 Three blooming goddesses to mortal eye

Discover'd heavenly forms : so on my sight,  
 My ravish'd sight, do thou, fair *Innocence*,  
 With radiance more than all the three could  
 boast,  
 Celestial beauties beam, and teach the Muse,  
 Strongly impress'd, to draw the charms she feels,  
 Already she hath shewn (tho' faintly shewn)  
 What lustre they reflect on ev'ry age  
 Of human life ; how much on ev'ry state  
 Now she would shew. Without thy cheering  
 smiles,  
 What shining fate, however prosperous,  
 Can give content ? and bless'd with them, what  
 chance,  
 Howe'er perverse, howe'er unfortunate,  
 Can make us wretched ? Should our happy lot  
 Beneath fair Plenty's richest horn be fix'd,  
 From want, oppression, and the various ills  
 That wait on Poverty, exempt ; ev'n there,  
 Thy palm th' ennobling coronet outshines,  
 The envied garter, or the laurel wreath.

How truly bless'd the man, who, grac'd with  
 these,  
 Is still more grac'd by thee ! As on the brow  
 Of some high mountain stands a cedar tall,

Monarch of trees, his tow'ring head erect,  
The clouds molesting ; spreading wide his arms,  
Loaded with verdant honours ; while  
Amidst his shelt'ring branches sing the birds,  
Beneath his grateful shade the flocks repose ;  
The pride and blessing of the rural wild.  
Such is his usefulness, his glory such.  
Should he, beneath his Monarch's fav'ring hand,  
Largely partake of delegated pow'r ?  
He knows no pride ; no painful envy burns  
Within his breast at those more favour'd : he,  
Urg'd on by virtue, not ambition, climbs,  
Without a fear, Promotion's dang'rous heights.  
Are honours grateful to him ? 'tis because  
His great example then more glorious shines,  
Is pow'r his wish ? it is but to extend  
His large capacity of doing good.  
Not more his wealth a blessing to himself,  
Than all mankind : he, like the grateful earth,  
With ev'ry flow'r adorn'd ; with ev'ry fruit,  
With all things estimable, all things rare,  
By bounteous Heav'n enrich'd, not for himself  
The boundless treasure hoards ; but wide around  
Diffuses food and raiment, joy and health,  
O heart-felt rapture ! exquisite delight !  
Sole happiness on earth unfleeting ! that  
Of doing good ! when the full-swelling soul

Cap

Can comprehend the universal range  
Of human beings, and with one vast wish,  
Boundless, unalterable, ever first  
In all her glorious thoughts, to guide,  
Inspire and regulate her acts, can seek the good  
Of all her fellow-creatures. Maid divine,  
(No fabulous inspirer thou ; tho' now  
By me first call'd to aid the poet's song)  
Say, for thou best can't tell, O whence the source  
Of this divine philanthropy ? O teach  
My ardent breast, and ev'ry list'ning ear,  
The great, the god-like transport to acquire ?  
Hark ! from yon fleecy cloud of shining white  
Soft harmony descends ; while not a breeze  
Ruffles the serene air ; the Lark has still'd  
His warbling note, outdone ; sweet Philomel  
Her plaint forbears ; mute are the bleating flocks,  
Attentive stand the frequent-lowing herds,  
And dumb ; check'd is the brawling brook, nor  
chirps  
The verdant Grasshopper with ceaseless creek :  
Great Nature listens—and a solemn pause  
Thro' all her works observes ; while, still and  
sweet,  
The heav'ly voice of *Innocence* is heard.  
• Easy and short, O Man, the sacred rule  
• To gain this glorious gift, no more than this—  
    ‘ To

To follow me. So shall th' ethereal soul,  
Freed from the cumbrous load of guilty cares,  
Of av'rice, pride, and all the clogs of sense,  
Divested happily, to one great point  
Make all her actions tend ; in thought and deed  
To honour her Creator. Gushing thence,  
As from a rock, the bounteous stream descends  
Of bless'd benevolence on all mankind.  
To love the image of his God on earth  
Is man's best service, best accepted praise.  
She ceases—and the wide-extended choir  
Of Nature with applausive notes resounds.

Not such his bliss within whose guilty breast  
Thou deignest not to shine. He like the fierce  
And savage Ruler of the Silvan herds,  
Is stranger to the soft delights that flow  
From conscious rectitude and social love.  
Like him, alas ! he knows no pow'r but that  
Of doing hurt : proudly he stalks along,  
And marks his way with rage, oppression, blood.  
Honours, to him, are not the source of joy ;  
Angelic heights are all too low for pride.  
Rolls he in riches ? what can they bestow  
On minds untrquil ? happier far is he  
Who, tho' possess'd of nothing, nothing wants,

In thee enjoying all things ; happy state  
Of guiltless poverty ! Boasts the proud Peer  
His 'broiderd canopy and silken bed,  
Where his unwearied limbs oft' toss in vain,  
In search of sweet repose ? the lab'ring hind  
Smiles at his vaunt ; he lays him down to rest  
Beneath the glorious concave of the sky,  
In nature's flow'ry lap his weary limbs  
Reclining ; O, how grand his canopy !  
His bed how fair ! no cares his sleep prevent,  
But round his peaceful temples play bright dreams  
And golden slumbers. Boasts he of his ease,  
Exempt from labour ? whence the pain of toil,  
But from the mind's anxiety ? the mind  
Of Innocence is always calm, the mind of Guilt,  
How'er exalted, like the troubled wave.  
Ah ! then who labours most ? tho' in his hall,  
Pamper'd and proud, awaits a servile train,  
For state than use more kept : the humble clown  
Brighter retinue far attends. Celestial hosts  
Encamp around the dwellings of the just,  
On sacred service bent. Or should he boast  
His sumptuous palace, curiously adorn'd  
With all the cost of art ? what can it more  
Than shield him from the air ? the peasant's cot,  
Warm-thatch'd, can do as much ; and, when  
adorn'd

By

By cleanliness and thee, content as well.  
 What tho' the scene around, the hills, the dales,  
 Vocal with lowing herds and bleating flocks ;  
 What tho' the lofty woods and yellow fields,  
 Wide waving ; tho' the lucid stream, that winds  
 Its food-fraught current thro' the verdant meads,  
 He cannot call his own ; yet he, perhaps,  
 May more enjoy them than their haughty lord.  
 Thence he, by toil unpainful, can procure  
 For all his real wants supplies ; and thence,  
 Thro' each revolving season of the year,  
 From nature's ever-varied stores can draw  
 Rich luxury of bliss, without remorse.

'Tis true, celestial maid ! thou canst not shield  
 Thy faithful vot'ries from the cruel hand  
 Of fell disease : yet once thou couldst ; but ah !  
 Man, foolish man, seeking for other bliss  
 Than thou bestow'st, that blessing forfeited.  
 O ! had he kept his eye upon thy charms  
 Firm-fix'd ; then should he ne'er have known toil,  
 pain,  
 Disease, or death ; but thou his never-ending days  
 With one eternal smile hadst crown'd. Could'st  
 thou,  
 In these our guilty times, have stretch'd thine hand,  
 To save from cold corruption, then had I

Q

Ne'er

Ne'er felt the pang acute of parting love :  
Then my lov'd fair, upon whose count'nance shone  
Thy beauties, heav'n-delighting, ne'er had drank  
The bitter cup of death. Thou conscious moon !  
And all ye rolling orbs, whose piercing eyes  
Pervade the midnight gloom ! how oft' have ye,  
When ev'ry voice was hush'd, and ev'ry eye,  
But that of grief, was clos'd, beheld the throbs  
That heav'd my love-lorn bosom ? say, how oft'  
Have ye beheld the flowing tears, that kept  
My eyelids waking ? even now (tho' like  
The man of Uz, my former joys are all  
In kind restor'd) oft' in the social hour,  
When cheerfulness, not unallow'd by thee,  
Exhilarates my breast, a sudden damp  
O'ercasts the beams of mirth ; her image pale  
Rises within my mind, and unobserv'd  
The trickling woe descends : nor will I blush ;  
For oh ! she was what'er could charm the soul,  
Fair, virtuous, and affectionate ; my youth's  
First wish, and later reason's choice ; my heart's  
Sole pride, sole joy, and most endearing wife.  
To thy blest memory, sweet saint, my love  
No pompous monument of stone can raise :  
But if this verse could equal thy deserts,  
Thy charms, like those of chaste *Penelope*  
Or *Daphne* fair, should live beyond the date  
Of

Of brass or marble. Yet altho' thy pow'r,  
 Bright *Innocence*, does not so far extend  
 As erl it did ; ere thy infernal foe,  
 The foe of man and man's Creator, crept  
 Into thy happy bow'rs, with baleful breath  
 Blasting the tree of life, whose vital fruit  
 Thou, and thou only, couldst administer  
 Successful : still, thy sacred precepts lead  
 The surest way to health, life-crowning ease,  
 And rev'rend length of days. Thrice happy he,  
 Whose tent is pitch'd, during his sojourn here,  
 Within the temp'rate zone of human life :  
 Distant alike from the wild heats that rage  
 Beneath the glowing line of haughty wealth,  
 And the chill blasts that bind the crystal springs  
 Of joy and comfort, where the frozen pole  
 Of poverty is elevate ; for tho'  
 Thy charms can make the barren desert smile,  
 Thy breath can cool the fervid beams of pride,  
 Or hotter lust ; yet oft'nest do we trace  
 Thy sacred vestige in the middle state.  
 Hail, happy station ! situation blest !  
 Most blest ! by wisdom's ancient sons right nam'd  
 The golden mean, within thy happy clime  
 Dwells ease, dwells freedom, social pleasures  
 dwell :  
 There Love his golden shafts employs, there lights

His brightest fires; by woe's salt streams un-quench'd,  
By stately pride unquell'd: there thou, my muse,  
And glory of my song, thy earthly throne  
Hast fix'd, pre-eminent, fast by the side  
Of Virtue, heav'nly queen! who here vouchsafes  
Her glorious presence. Blest religion here  
Shines frequent; whilst around her seat  
Graces divine, and christian charities,  
In works of love abounding, clap their wings.  
Here no temptation enters, save what breeds  
In the foul heart of man; no anxious fear  
Of future want; yet no swoln fulness leads  
T' intemp'rance, or impiety: here space  
Is left for hope, without which life flows on  
Like a dead calm, smooth; but inanimate  
And dull. Here may my lot be fix'd; midway  
From all extremes, in all that can admit  
Of an extreme. Nor rich, nor poor, nor great,  
Nor mean, weak-minded, nor too wise; as thro'  
A glass beholding human frailties. Not  
Despis'd, or hated; nor the idol theme  
Of popular applause. Let not my heart  
Be steel'd against a suff'ring brother's cries,  
Nor yet too soft, susceptible of pain  
From ev'ry slight impression. Be my mind  
With sober cheerfulness indu'd; in grief

Com.

Compos'd, in joy not elevate : my house  
Proportion'd to my state, in rural scenes  
Retir'd, not solitary. With me here  
Dwell Piety, dwell Love, Friendship, and Peace ;  
Nor let the heart-enlarging Muse desert  
My humble seat ; and thou, blest *Innocence !*  
Watch o'er my happiness ; and guide my steps.  
O ! how shall I describe thee, heav'nly Fair,  
Where most thou charm'st ! in thy pure native  
seat  
Of chaste virginity ! thy radiance such,  
Not the dread Majesty of Heav'n disdain'd,  
In fufferable shade, to visit thee.  
Here all thy beams unite : all mortals know  
Of powers angelic shines. Mind-harmless, clean,  
Unruffled ; joy untainted, love unfeign'd,  
Free, holy, and immaculate. Kind pow'r  
To bless ; to injure none. Harmonious voice,  
Soft-ravishing, worthy to be attun'd  
To Heav'n's high praise : by naught on earth ex-  
cell'd,  
Or equall'd. Form divinely fram'd, endu'd  
With all created excellence : soft, fair,  
Proportion'd exquisite : grace in each limb,  
Moving or resting. Countenance adorn'd  
With flow'rs of Paradise ; the vernal bloom  
In earth's cold garden nurs'd, are not so gay ?

With

With sweetness inexpressible ; and eyes  
Darting celestial fires : in beauteous pomp,  
There native dignity and modest fears  
Play blended ; there, bright Love's fierce-beaming  
    ray  
And sweet pathetic tenderness  
In soft effusion mix : whilst on her brow  
The awful sanctities of virtue raise  
High veneration, ev'ry low desire  
Far banishing. Thus, man's first paramour  
Shone splendid : Thus, that highly-favour'd  
    maid,  
Whose virgin womb the Deity possess'd  
Incarnate ; thus, if equally adorn'd  
By thee, might many a lovely blooming maid,  
Of this blest isle, in beauty far surpass  
Troy's fair destruction, *Circe's* potent charms,  
Or Love's unfaithful goddess. Worthier praise  
The *Roman* Virgin, (sacred be her name  
To latest ages) who t' avoid the lust  
Of tyrant *Appius*, by paternal hands  
A willing victim fell ; in youth's full bloom,  
Matchless in Beauty, Virtue, Innocence.  
O cursed Guilt ! with thy deforming train,  
Pride, anger, envy, and each vain conceit,  
Of all, but self, despis'd, and shameful Lust ;  
How, with thy ranc'rous influence, canst thou mar  
    Heav'n's

Heav'n's fairest workmanship ? Alas ! what arts,  
What cunning witchcrafts can supply the place  
Of beautifying Innocence ? What paint  
Can match the vermil blush unfeign'd ? that sweet  
Confusion guiltless ! What cosmetic cream  
Whiten the mind, with passions soul disdain'd ?  
What studied ogle can express the looks  
Of artless love, simply enchanting ? Thou,  
Good *Honorio*, canst illustrate well  
Virtue's superiority. The beasts  
Were hardly from their grassy beds upris'n,  
To graze the humid turf ; the jocund birds,  
(As I) by thee inspir'd, were hardly yet  
In grateful concert join'd, with joy to hail  
Bright *Titan*'s earliest beams ; which now began  
Over the everlasting hills to pour  
A flood of radiance ; at the sight of which,  
*Aurora* strait her milder charms withdrew  
(Too fair to bless the lazy sluggards sight)  
But not before her rosy hand had strew'd  
Refreshing Nectar and pellucid gems  
On ev'ry fragrant tree, shrub, plant, and flow'r,  
Which now, with mingled sweets exhal'd, the air  
Perfum'd : when thou, illustrious youth, as wont,  
(Smit with the love of science, and the face  
Of universal Nature, heav'nly fair !)

Roam'd it

Roam'd it forth contemplative ; in all his works  
Viewing the great Creator ; not without  
Rapt'rous devotion, and ecstatic joy :  
When, as it hap'd, within the greenwood shade  
Not far remote, with more than common strains,  
A warbling Nightingale her melting lay  
Pour'd forth harmonious. The ravish'd youth,  
With wary step and list'ning ear, approach'd  
The vocal grove ; curious, perchance, to see  
The little artist, from whose mellow throat  
Such music issu'd, or from whence the cause  
Of such unusual joy. His marvel ceas'd,  
When, underneath the woven boughs on which  
The bird sat chaunting, he esp'y'd a maid  
Than youthful's Fancy's brightest dreams more  
fair.

On the damp ground she lay, as if from thence  
A lovely flow'r just sprung, that seem'd to shame  
The fainter colours of all those that bloom'd  
Attendant round her. Balmy sleep had clos'd  
Her love-fraught eyes ; her beauty left'ning not,  
But adding rather to her num'rous charms  
Superior innocence. Her cheeks, that glow'd  
With roses not terestial, were disdain'd  
With recent tears ; yet on her count'nance dwelt  
Serene composure, and sweet-smiling peace.  
She look'd as if some pleasing dream employ'd

He

r

Her scatter'd senses. At a sight so rare,  
So exquisite, *Honorio* stood amaz'd ;  
Admiring much the Maid, much wond'ring how  
At such a time, in such a place, she chose  
Her decent limbs to rest ; and, as he gaz'd,  
Resistless love (which oft' in vain he'd sought  
Amongst th' assemblies of the modish fair)  
Now enter'd uninvited. As a bird  
Within the fascinating vortex drawn  
Of some fell rattle-snake's alluring eye,  
The Youth stood fix'd ; unable to withdraw  
His eager glances. To enflame him more,  
The fresh'ning breeze from half her bosom mov'd  
The modest lawn, discov'ring charms, the nymyh,  
Waking, had ne'er disclos'd. The vivid snow  
(Not to be view'd with moderate desire)  
Stir'd in his manly breast unknown alarms.  
Ah ! then, fond youth, strong proof thy virtue felt,  
Strange thoughts and wild, tumultous in thy breast  
Arise : glad demons fan the guilty flame,  
Suggest each fav'ring circumstance, how all  
Concurs—the maid unguarded, and the place  
Retir'd. The youth, to vice untrain'd, nor wont  
To harbour lawless passions, with amaze  
Feels the slack rein from reason's hand nigh fall'n,  
Virtue expiring, and his raging mind  
To folly bent—trembling he stood—he paus'd—

R

When

When gracious Heav'n, still watchful to protect  
The couch of helpless Innocence, nor less  
The strength of Virtue struggling with th' assault  
Of dire Temptation, strait to other thoughts  
More worthy, more humane, sudden disposed  
His wav'ring mind—for soon with other eyes  
He view'd the sleeping maid ; nor less admir'd ;  
But marking well, diffus'd throughout her charms,  
The lovely impress of a guiltless mind,  
His gen'rous breast a noble pity felt—  
Hence virtuous awe ; back he recoil'd, and  
shock'd

With horror at himself. As *Cadmus'* seed,  
When in the stream reflective he beheld  
His branching antlers and quadruped form :  
Who, daring to invade the close recess  
Of holy Chastity, with bestial shape  
Was punish'd ; to his own fierce dogs a prey  
Becoming. When at length these words broke  
loose.

Were all those heav'nly graces form'd to tempt  
Man to thy ruin ? surely, no. Shall I, to please  
A wayward fancy, in a moment blast  
Those beauties that enchant me ? or, can love  
By inj'ries of the blackest die display  
Its render motions ? Blest be Heav'n's good grace,  
That

That now with-held my almost guilty hand  
From such black testimony. No, sweet nymph,  
A nobler task my love assigns me : I will join  
Thy guardian angels in their sacred charge,  
Sleep on secure ; thy bed I will protect,  
Not violate ; and if thy virtuous mind  
Be such as thy bright form pourtrays, not long  
Shall it be criminal in me to hope  
All happy love can give. But ah ! I fear  
The dewy Zephyr will affect thy breast  
With some sad malady : O ! let me shield  
Thy tender beauties from the noxious air,  
With that his cloak upon the slumb'ring nymph.  
Gently he laid, each soft temptation from  
His greedy eye close covering. The birds  
That, whilst the rash and guilty transport fir'd  
His youthful breast, not sung, or he not heard,  
Now with redoubled lay, in concert full,  
Made all the groves resound, and chiefly he,  
The charming warbler, whose melodious song  
The youth's first steps invited, now renew'd  
His notes with double joy ; as if, like Heav'n  
Rejoic'd at man's return to virtue's paths.  
Their musick shrill the maid awak'd ; who, when  
She saw her cov'ring new, and by her side  
A man stand guardant, all confus'd arose,  
Blushing inimitable ; ther' eyes

The youth first saw, where seem'd a charming strife  
'Twixt bright and sweet, which most should do-  
minate.

She would have fled; but he too deep had drank  
Of love's delicious draught, thus to resign  
His blissful hopes; by gentle force restrain'd  
Her stay he thus intreated—“ Charming maid,  
‘ Ah! do not fly, no danger here awaits;  
‘ Witness that garment on thy fenceless charms  
‘ I gently laid, left from the dewy breeze  
‘ Some inj'ry should befall thee: first relate,  
‘ To my fond heart, what happy mother claims  
‘ Such fair disposal, and by what strange chance,  
‘ (Happy to me, tho' to thyself, I fear,)  
‘ Not so) at this untimely hour of morn,  
‘ I find thee on such ill-befitting bed,  
‘ Thy tender limbs repining. Trust me, fair,  
‘ (My name *Honorio*, you perchance e'er now  
‘ Have heard it mention'd, in these neighb'ring  
    plains  
‘ No stranger,) much my heart desires your love,  
‘ Your welfare.—Here a pause ensu'd: for well  
She knew him lord of all that ample track,  
With name still fairer than his fair estate,  
For virtuous deeds renown'd. His graceful form,  
And still more graceful kindness, in her breast:  
Rais'd soft alarms. She knew not what to say,

Nor

Nor what to hope; when thus besum'd the youth  
• Why that confusion sweet, that downcast eye,  
• And meaning silence? if too much I said! <sup>W T</sup>  
• In naming love, still let my friendship claim  
• A gentle answer. <sup>W</sup> Sir, (the blushing maid  
Recov'ring answer'd) ' often have I heard <sup>won't</sup>  
• Your goodness prais'd, your condescension sweet;  
• By her who bore me, and by many more <sup>and W</sup>  
• Who bles'd your bounty; tho', till now, my eyes  
• Were never witness to it. But since chance <sup>H</sup>  
• Has made me thus the object of your care, <sup>o T</sup>  
• What you descend to ask, as duty bids, <sup>and C</sup>  
• I shall inform you; tho' the tale is such, <sup>and W</sup>  
• As must some pain excite in telling, and gog I  
• In hearing. Here a flood of tears burst out, <sup>H</sup>  
With which the good *Honorio* not disdain'd <sup>do q U</sup>  
To sympathize; and thus purst'd the nymph! <sup>H</sup>  
• Lucia my name, seven mournful days <sup>b a g o n e</sup>  
• Daughter to good *Constantia*; but, alas! <sup>o T</sup>  
• An helpless orphan now. <sup>o T</sup> I need not tell. <sup>I</sup>  
• What fair repeate she bore; her little form, <sup>A</sup>  
• E'er since my father's death, with frugal care  
Well managing; which with the kindly help  
• Of some blest benefactor, tho' unknown, <sup>met L</sup>  
(Obeisance here she made, and o'er her face <sup>W</sup>  
A deeper crimson flush'd; nor he unmov'd <sup>W</sup>  
At the detection seem'd) ' maintain'd us both

‘ In

In comfortable decency. But, since  
My most lamented loss, a cruel man,  
(T' whose care our farm is left) pretending love,  
With cringing actions and deceitful words  
Seeking my ruin, finding his false suit  
Prove ineffectual, now resolv'd to try  
A blacker method, to obtain by threats  
What flatt'r y could not win. Last night he  
came, i od : vnuod tuor b'isld on W.  
But not as wont, with guileful speeches smooth  
To crave my pity; but with barb'rous rage,  
Demanding all that to his lord was due,  
Which well he knew my want of pow'r to pay.  
I begg'd a short delay; he stern reply'd,  
His lord's commands were urgent, and he must,  
Upon refusal, seize my little all:  
But if, indulgent to his guilty love, dargmvl o T  
I would a little to his friendship gain,  
The debt he wbuld himself discharge; if not,  
Lat as it was, I should immediate seek  
Another roos for shelter. I refus'd  
His foul proposals, and the cruel man  
Made good his threatenings. Fearing some design,  
I rambled wide, for guidance trusting Heav'n.  
When, quite outworn with weeping and fatigue,  
Within this grove I laid me down; till morn  
diod zo b'mistism? (b'most noisest shnt)  
Should

A POETICAL ESSAY. 827

' Should shew me where I was. Here gentle sleep  
' My suff'rings calm'd ; and you, kind sir, have  
' deign'd  
' To be my guardian. O continue still  
' Your worthy patronage ; and tho' my state,  
' Too low and grov'ling, must forbid all thoughts  
' Of what your goodness utter'd, give me leave  
' To be your handmaid, and with faithful care  
' All virtuous service to perform.' ' In mind  
' And person equal, (charm'd *Honorio* cry'd)  
' What fortune cannot give, and I till now  
' Have vainly sought, thou dost present me with  
' Beauty and perfect Innocence conjoin'd,  
' Consent to be my wife, and here I swear  
' By ev'ry holy tye to make thee mine.  
She curtseyed silent ; but her sparkling eyes  
Spoke gratitude, spoke love, and tenderness  
Ineffable. *Honorio* raptur'd caught  
Within his arms the all-bewitching fair,  
And from her lips, not artfully with-held,  
Sip'd heav'nly nectar and ambrosial joy.

How frail is human transport ! O how short  
The lover's joys ! how endless are his woes !  
If thou, bliss-giving maid, refuse to grace  
The nuptial bed, and, with thy lasting charms,

The

The soft connection bless : but where thou deign'st  
To dwell resplendent, there, on golden wings,  
Rise gay delights, and ev'ry heart-felt joy.  
Divided cares there lessen, and fond bliss  
United swells to rapture. No distrust  
Foul and-ungenerous, no jarring wills,  
No peace-destroying feuds, no sep'reate good  
Pursu'd or hop'd for, dare to interrupt  
The blest tranquillity. The early lark  
With his sky-charming song awakes the pair,  
By thee inform'd, to envy'd happiness.  
And the late nightingale melodious sings  
Epithalamiums sweet each welcome eve,  
Or tuneful serenades their waking hours,  
Not joyless ; blest with nuptial concord sweet,  
How nearly to empyreal bliss ally'd ?  
Where happy angels quaff immortal draughts  
Of Innocence and Love. In ancient lore  
'Tis fabled, that *Medusa*'s horrid frost  
Turn'd all who saw to stone. How diff'rent thine !  
Thy potency how reverse ! thy aspect bright,  
Benign and lovely, wheresoe'er it shines,  
Softens the hardest hearts and hardest fates,  
Makes sorrow smile, misfortunes not severe,  
Beguiles the hour of pain, and all the ills  
Of human life converts to blessings rich.  
At sight of thee, th' insatiate monster Death,

Upon

Upon his pale horse stalking, from his hand  
Th' envenom'd dart down drops, the law's sharp  
curse,

And sinful man's sole terror : from his cheek  
The ghastly horrors fly, and placid smiles  
O'erspread the lean deformity. How blest  
The man, who, at the hour, awful, and big  
With all that nature dreads, upon his breast  
Can lay his dying hand, and boldly say  
To heav'n and earth ; witness against me now,  
If e'er my soul in thought, in word, or act,  
With study'd malice or opprobrious guile,  
Has wrong'd my neighbour. Witness if my heart,  
Impure and lustful, ever sought to stain  
The virgin's honour, or to climb the bed  
Of foul adul'try. Witness thou high Pow'r,  
Who gav' st me life, and who art now about  
That blessing to resume, if I have ceas'd  
Throughout the hours, the days, the years which  
thou  
Hast here allotted, to adore thy name ;  
And, tho' oft' sinning, oft' repenting, still  
With my best strength to keep thy sacred laws.  
Witness, thou holy Saviour of mankind,  
If I have dar'd in my own righteous acts  
To place my confidence, and not implor'd  
Thy pow'rful mediation. His pure soul,

Of future bliss assur'd, unmov'd and calm  
Shall quit this turbid scene, and on their wings,  
Bless'd angels shall to regions bless'd convey  
The disencumber'd spirit ; where his breast <sup>bWA</sup>  
No passions foul shall rend, no guilty scenes <sup>bTT</sup>  
Invite to torture, or his eyes offend  
With vision execrable : no remorse <sup>bTT</sup>  
With necessary pangs afflict, and groans <sup>bW</sup>  
Deep-felt, unutt'rable. Th' oppressor here <sup>bL</sup>  
Shall find no room, who o'er his innocence <sup>bOT</sup>  
In this dark vale insulting, triumph'd. Here <sup>bH</sup>  
Thou, celestial maid, shalt lead him forth <sup>bW</sup>  
To streams of joy perennial, there to dwell, <sup>w all</sup>  
In garments white array'd, with spirits just <sup>otqmt</sup>  
Made perfect, and t' enjoy communion sweet <sup>edT</sup>  
And high, with patriarchs holy, martyrs bold <sup>HO</sup>  
In patient innocence, apostles blest, <sup>Living on W</sup>  
And all the glorious hierarchy of heav'n ; <sup>Id. indT</sup>  
With beatifick vision rapt, to join <sup>it mod. w. indT</sup>  
The happy throng, and at the sacred throne  
To hymn eternal praises. O my soul, <sup>end. H</sup>  
Now, while the transport fires me, let my harp <sup>A</sup>  
Be strung to him, the everlasting God, <sup>Id. id. id. /</sup>  
Yet, mystery amazing ! Son of man ; <sup>abai. W</sup>  
Who deign'd on earth of perfect innocence <sup>Id. P. I</sup>  
Sole pattern to appear. O ! ever bless'd, <sup>g. o. T</sup>  
In whatsoever name delighting most,

Let

Let me adore thee. Son of the Most High,  
Eternal word, by whom the heav'ns and earth,  
Were call'd to being, dread *Emmanuel*,  
Great Prince of Peace, Almighty Love divine,  
Saviour of man, most holy *Jesus* ! at  
The gracious name let the redeemed earth  
Bow low, and heav'n's bright quires adoring bend.  
Son of the royal hymnist *David*, he  
Whose potent harp could from the raging mind  
Drive ev'ry evil influence ; who, what time  
To heav'n's high praise he sang, could make  
Air, earth and sea, with all therein contain'd,  
In holy worship join ; or to the chords  
Prophetick utter wond'rous things of thee.  
O might I snatch from his most hallow'd flame  
Some living spark ! so haply might my song  
Sound not discordant in thy gracious ear.  
May I, the lowest of thy subject flock,  
Lift up my voice unsfinning, whilst I strain  
At Angels blissful labours—thy great praise !

What Man, what Seraph, what Archangel bright  
Can tell thy glorious acts ? since thou art God  
From all eternity, and what they are  
They to thy bounty owe. In thy fierce wrath  
How terrible ! when thou incens'd didst drive  
The rebel potentates from heav'n's pure light,

S 2.

To

To dwell in utter darkness. In thy love  
O how adorable ! in thee how shone  
The brightness of thy father's pow'r ! when thou  
Rod'st forth creative to thy six days work,  
This universal frame, sublime, complete,  
With vegetative life and animal,  
Fulfill'd. Then from the dust thou form'dst  
Thy creature man : in thine own image form'd,  
Honour'd and sanctify'd, and by thee made  
Lord of this lower world. O ! teach my soul  
Often to meditate her own high worth,  
Nobly to scorn the little baits of sense,  
And soar to its great Author ! Nor does here  
Thy wond'rous love desist ; but, rolling on  
Thro' ages infinite, with providence  
Unerring, still preserves the glorious works  
Which thy right hand hath made : and when  
fall'n man

Thy sacred image had defac'd, and broke  
Thy father's holy laws, how didst thou check  
Black hell's malicious triumph ! even Sin  
Subservient to thy glory making, Then,  
Heav'n's bright inhabitants amaz'd beheld  
Thy grace unfathomable ; deigning now  
From thy bless'd father's bosom to descend,  
From bliss divine, ineffable, supreme,  
A creature's form to wear, and from the womb

Of

Of an unblemish'd Virgin to begin  
Thy life of matchless sorrows. In that hour  
Angels rejoic'd for man, and all the skies  
With loud Hosanna's rang. How did abound  
Thy righteousness, thy love, thy glory ! when  
The blind with rapture saw thy face divine,  
The cripple leap'd for joy, the helpless sick,  
Trusting in thee, were holpen ; when the dead,  
At thy high call awaking, thee confess'd  
Sole Lord of life. How far above all praise,  
In thy great act redemptive, soar'd thy grace !  
When thou, at whose commanding voice await  
Myriads of shining ministers, didst yield  
To sorrow, shame and death, for sinful man :  
So thy great Father's will, thy offer free.  
How didst thou triumph o'er the dreary grave,  
When uncorrupted thou didst burst its chains,  
And spring again to day ! ascending high,  
Captivity led'st captive, for lost man  
Obtaining blessings rich, grace, pardon, peace,  
And everlasting joy : humbled before,  
To be exalted now above all thrones,  
Dominions, principalities and pow'rs ;  
That at thy mighty name both Heav'n and Earth,  
And deepest Hell, subjection low should yield.

What

What words can speak ? what sacred strains express  
The fervent breathings of a grateful heart,  
Smit with due sense of thy amazing love ?  
O never, never let my soul forget  
Her Saviour's benefits ! but in each hour,  
Each act of life, in thought, in word, in deed,  
In youth, in age, in trouble and in joy,  
Still let thy praise be ever in my mind  
A source of sweet delight.—And thou, bright orb  
Celestial, who in light unsuff'rable,  
Like thy Almighty Maker, dwell'st enthron'd,  
Witness, when from the Orient thou display'st  
Thy beams resplendent, if my inmost soul  
Bless not the ever-gracious hand that form'd  
Thy golden tresses ; and when thou dost draw  
Thy flaming chariot down the steep of day,  
And from th' horizon occidental shew'st  
But half thy glorious face, if I neglect  
To honour him whose pow'r directs thy course  
Diurnal, annual, and with grateful thanks  
Confess his daily blessings. All ye lights  
Nocturnal, and innum'rable, that dance  
Height above height around Night's silver Queen,  
Witness, when in the wakeful hour I view  
Your sparkling splendours, if my soul not lifts

Her

Her eye to her Redeemer, dwelling far  
Above your shining houses. Witness all  
Ye lofty hills with waving forests crown'd,  
Ye humble vales, soft scenes of sweet delight,  
With od'rous flow'rs, and never-dying green  
Richly adorn'd ; ye ever-warbling brooks,  
Herds, flocks, and chaunting birds ;  
Ye bearded fields, with Heav'n's full bounty  
fraught,  
Ye trees that bend with rich variety  
Of golden fruitage, vines luxuriant,  
That, round the humble habitation oft'  
Of Poverty and Innocence, your arms,  
With swelling clusters heavy-laden, twine,  
Off'rинг your draught nectareous to his lip,  
To sooth his cares, and fill his heart with joy :  
Witness all Nature, when your ample store,  
Your blessings numberless, and boundless gifts,  
Enraptur'd I contemplate, if my soul  
Swell not with love intense to him who gave  
Her mental pow'rs, and, gracious, for her use  
Thus lighted up yon arch, thus fill'd this globe  
With all things ornamental, useful, good ;  
And to ensure her bliss to endless date,  
By his own great example taught—to live,  
To die ; and when to native clay returns  
This mortal frame, thro' him, assur'd to rest

Of

Of Resurrection glorious. If, Great God!  
In this my feeble worship I have err'd,  
Thro' weakness, ign'rance, or presumption, O!  
Pardon th' unwilling fault, and deign t' accept  
My heart's best off'rинг, and throughout my life  
Still let thy glorious pattern guide my steps.  
To Innocence, to Holiness; that when,  
In awful Majesty, thou shalt descend  
Great Judge of Quick and Dead, before the hosts  
Celestial, myriads bright and numberless,  
Thy great approving voice may then pronounce  
Thy sentence beatific, final, just.

## MORNING ELEGY.

HAIL, bright-eyed harbinger of sacred light!  
Nature refresh'd, beholds thy cheering ray,  
At thy approach the gloomy shades of night,  
And all its dreary horrors pass away.

Yet, not to him, within whose manly breast  
Reason her olive-twined sceptre sways,  
Is there in darkness aught that can molest;  
But nights serene succeed to virtuous days.

Unlike that Lucifer, whose baleful reign  
Excites to ev'ry deed of foulest dye,  
Rapine and Lust, and all the savage train  
Retire abash'd before thy holy eye.

T

With

138 A MORNING ELEGY.

With silver hair, bright-flowing in the east,  
And ruby-tinctur'd mantle lightly spread,  
With pearl-bestudded girdle bound her vest,  
Aurora rises from her coral bed.

I feel her sweet breath in the balmy gale,  
Purging from noxious fumes the humid air,  
Shedding fresh odours on the flow'ry vale,  
And genuine roses on the village-fair.

I see the dappled fleece, her fav'rite woof,  
And golden-fringed clouds adorn the sky,  
Skimming with light wing o'er its azure roof,  
And soft'ning ev'ry object to the eye.

While yet the mind retains its tranquil ease,  
From Day's perplexing cares and passions free,  
While Nature's charms are best array'd to please,  
And Health and Pleasure join in amity,

Oft let me rove beneath thy gentle beam,  
Ere sultry Phœbus mounts his burning throne,  
And to the soaring sky-lark's grateful theme  
In numbers less melodious join my own;

And

A MORNING ELEGY. 139

And as I range th' ambrosial fields along,  
Or climb the verdant hill's unshaded height,  
Pause on those blessings that inspire my song,  
And gather thence instruction and delight.

Springs not a blade upon the spacious plain,  
Bends not a flow'r beneath the crystal tear,  
Chirps not an insect of the turf in vain,  
But Contemplation Wisdom's voice can hear.

See yonder feather'd parent skimming round,  
Sudden she darts upon her humble food;  
Yet, nobly scorning hunger, spurns the ground,  
And soars aloft to serve her callow brood.

Sweet moralist! to reason-vaunting man  
Thy gen'rous lesson teach—oft' in thy place,  
Despising Nature's all-instructive plan,  
He feeds his follies and neglects his race.

What sudden burst of oriental rays  
Disturbs the peaceful musings of my breast,  
Involves the ample firmament in blaze,  
And shoots its glories to the distant west.

SY

T 2

How

140 A MORNING HYMN.

How bright the scene!—magnificent and large,  
The Orb of Light reveals his glorious face,  
Rejoicing in his high Creator's charge,  
To spread his bounties thro' the realms of space;

Fitted to mortal eye, his splendors mild  
More great appear than at meridian height;  
So shone the holy Virgin's heav'nly child,  
Disclosing grace divine to human sight,

In prime advancing, now the jocund day  
Laughs in the fulness of unclouded joy,  
Fresh-springing flow'rets strew his radiant way,  
The woodland harmonists their notes employ,

From hill to dale, from grove to verd'rous spring,  
Sweets sounds responsive fill the ambient air,  
Sweets sounds responsive make the vallies ring,  
And banish thence the family of Care.

Nor cheerless is the herd's majestic low,  
Loud-calling for the milk-maid's easing hand,  
Nor white flocks bleating on the mountain's brow,  
Nor plowman's whistling o'er his furrow'd land.

A MORNING HYMN. 141

Ye blest inhabitants of fields and shades,  
Elysium soft of undisturb'd repose !  
No artificial want your breast invades,  
No painful foretaste of succeeding woes :

By simple instinct led, to you unknown  
The tender throb of exquisite desire :  
The wealth of Av'rice, and Ambition's throne,  
No raging wish, no discontent inspire,

To you sufficing that the genial beam  
Of Day's enliv'ning planet wakes to joy,  
Satiate, ye quaff the pure untainted stream,  
And feast on dainties that can never cloy.

O ! to my heart your sacred lore convey,  
Let Nature be my wealth, my joy, my guide,  
And be the bus'ness of each rising day  
To check my wants, my passions and my pride !

**A N**

## EVENING ELEGY.

**W**ELCOME, thou sober Evening, calm and grey,

Now Phœbus' rage, and ev'ry blast is laid,  
Now fast'ring dews descend, and turb'lent day  
Retires beneath the halcyon wing of shade.

Now lucid Venus, grac'd with beamy hair,  
To dance nocturnal tempts the starry train,  
Commanding toil to cease, and anxious care  
From vexing mortal bosoms to refrain :

Yet will not Av'rice, cursed fiend ! forbear  
To break wise Nature's best appointed law,  
She, pensive-plodding sits, with downcast air,  
Refusing rest her fraudulent plan to draw ;

Pur.

## AN EVENING ELEGY. 143

Pursuing which, nor Themis' righteous lore,  
Nor holy Nature's sacred-binding tie,  
Nor all that Heav'n for virtue has in store  
Can draw aside her mammon-fixed eye.

O'er rocks and seas unheeded bounds she flies,  
Explores the cold extremest of either pole,  
Dares the fierce heats of equinoctial skies,  
Nor slacks her race till death's unwelcome goal.

Far from my breast, kind Heav'n ! such lust remove,  
At ev'ry grateful, tranquil eve's return,  
Let me, while doubtful Cynthia cheers the grove,  
With naught but love, or pious ardor burn.

And as along the placid stream I range,  
Viewing the wild-flow'r's close their gaudy  
bloom,  
Or birds the free expanse of ether change,  
To seek the shady covert's inmost gloom,

Ah ! let me tread, with cautious step and slow,  
Where thickset hawthorns shed their odors wide,  
Where intermingled roses sweetly blow,  
And rambling woodbines cling on ev'ry side :

Per-

144 AN EVENING ELEGY.

Perchance, within the fragrant covert hid,  
Some tuneful warbler rests his wearied throat,  
Who, ere the sun beneath th' horizon slid,  
Had sooth'd my bosom with his dulcet note;

Perchance, close-perch'd beside his brooding mate,  
With bill to bill inclin'd, in silent joy,  
He cheers her lonely hours, and watchful state,  
And cares lest aught should her repose destroy.

Sweet harmonists! your tender vigils keep  
Secure for me, I will not do ye wrong:  
The rustling boughs my garments shall not sweep,  
And ye shall pay me with your future song.

But hark!--what voice the sacred stillness breaks?--  
Softer than silence are those melting strains,  
Or lover's sighs, when pleading Nature speaks;--  
'Tis sadly pleasing Philomel complains.

Long let me drink the magic of thy lay,  
Nor humming chasers baulk my thirsty ear,  
The time insensibly shall wear away,  
'Till night approach, and ev'ry star appear.

Then

## AN EVENING ELEGY. 143

Then, as my lagging feet I homewards draw,  
My passions all in heav'nly concord bound,  
The solemn scene shall fill my soul with awe,  
And God omnipotent my tongue resound.

Methinks, when clad in beaming glories mild,  
Full and majestic shines the Queen of Night,  
Around her throne innum'rous squadrons fly'd  
Of hosts celestial, ministers of light,

It should remind us of that solemn hour  
When Heav'n and Earth's all-gracious Judge  
shall come,  
Clad in the splendor of his Father's pow'r,  
With guard seraphic to pronounce our doom.

May I, when Life's short day begins to close,  
The star of Age pale-glimm'ring o'er my head,  
Unvex'd by troublous blast, my mind compose,  
Nor fortune's frowns, nor sacred vengeance  
dread ;

M M Y H

U

From

146 AN EVENING ELEGY.

From ev'ry anxious, busy scene retir'd,  
Let me the world's wild tumult view from far,  
Smile at what once each raging passion fir'd,  
Nor deem short pleasure worth unceasing care.

Within some humbly-decent rural shed,  
There let my sun of life in radiance set,  
Through smiling Hope, when Death's black night  
is fled,  
A course more glorious shall its orient wait.



H Y M N

## H Y M N

TO

## C H A R I T Y.

WITH melting eye, and breast serene,  
Propitious pow'r descend;  
Of ev'ry Christian virtue Queen,  
Of all mankind the friend,

O Charity, thou source divine  
Of ev'ry heart-felt joy!  
To scatter blessings round is thine,  
And ev'ry curse destroy.

U 2

Thy

348 HYMN TO CHARITY,

Thy counsel in th' Almighty mind  
The gracious purpose wrought,  
To form the wonders of our kind  
In figure, motion, thought.

Y M Y H  
Thou, the vast universe around  
The forming line did'st draw,  
The earth and skies and depths profound  
Confess thy genial law,

Y T I R A H C  
Where Seraphs stretch their radiant wing  
In extasies sublime,  
'Tis thou exalt'st their voice to sing  
Through inexhausted time.

In all the happy choirs above  
Thy holy raptures flow ;  
The Deity himself is love  
They see, they feel, they know,

On earth to spread thy precepts wide  
The great Messiah came ;  
For thee he liv'd, for thee he died ;  
To consecrate thy flame,

His

HYMN TO CHARITY. 149

His bleit example let us then  
With eager step's pursue,  
And shew by ardent love to men  
We love our Saviour too.

O deign, celestial Saint, to shine  
Upon our low abode;  
While pilgrim-like we seek thy shrine,  
Enlighten thou the road.

So shall each deep-sunk valley rise,  
The tears shall cease to flow,  
And mountains proud that brave the skies,  
Shall soon be levell'd low.

The thorny brakes that clog the way  
No lurking thief shall hide,  
Nor daring foe in open day  
Insult with cruel pride.

No warlike trump shall wound the ear,  
No mournful voice prevail,  
Bright Hope shall triumph over Fear,  
Patience o'er Grief prevail.

HT

Thus

150 HYMN TO CHARITY.

Thus ev'ry human woe represt,  
Each transport made our own,  
Life shall in ceaseless smiles be drest,  
Nor Death shall wear a frown.

THE

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## THE RURAL PHILOSOPHER,

### SACRIFICE TO HUMANITY; AN ELEGY.

---

**W**ILD o'er the rude heath rag'd the Boreal  
blast,  
His stubborn back the oak unwonted bows,  
The lordly ruins to the earth are cast,  
Which frown'd on Time, that shagg'd their  
hoary brows.

The howling storm the vexed ocean tore,  
And rent its bosom into furrows deep,  
The shatter'd wrecks bestrew'd the dreary shore,  
And the green Nereids sought their caves to  
weep.

When

When PHILo, prudent swain, unmov'd, retir'd  
 Beneath the shelter of his strawn-crown'd eot,  
 Save that his eye, by gen'rous grief inspir'd,  
 Bewail'd the mis'ries of superior lot.

And whilst, unspoil'd by art, blest Nature's child,  
 By genuine wisdom taught, pour'd forth his  
 strain,  
 The fiend of Horror, sooth'd, had almost smil'd,  
 And Devastation held aloof her train.

" Blest be the Pow'r divine, whose high behest  
 " Plac'd me beneath this humble shed in peace,  
 " Who by with-holding blessings made me blest,  
 " And, wealth denying, made my joys en-  
 " crease!"

This lowly vale, fenc'd by the shelt'ring hill,  
 That lifts its bold breast to the mad'ning storm,  
 This ever-verdant bank and useful rill,  
 In summer shaded, and in winter warm.

These,

These, these are blessings Nature's hand bestow'd,  
No airy wreath by Fame or Fortune wove,  
Humility secures my low abode,  
And Industry can ev'ry want remove.

Around my hearth domestic Pleasures wait,  
Sweet-smiling infants prattle on my knee,  
A much-lov'd partner shares my blissful state,  
And, strewing pleasures, reaps felicity.

Few are my wants, still fewer are my fears,  
While Innocence ensures celestial care,  
The Gods with lusty health have crown'd my  
years,  
And, in contentment, granted all my pray'r.

In this sequester'd vale, this peaceful shade,  
The foot of Pride was never seen to rove;  
This solemn haunt no lawless lusts invade,  
No rude intemp'rance riots in this grove.

Ev'n this dread storm that deals destruction round,  
Sweeps lightly o'er the poplars topmost boughs,  
Heav'n's awful thunders but remotely sound,  
And, not our fears, but our devotion rouse.

Thus blest with pleasure, safety, and content,  
Why heaves my bosom with this anxious sigh ?  
Why does corroding grief my heart torment,  
And painful pity melt my faded eye ?

Why was man born with mental pow'r's sublime,  
T' unfold the great Creator's volume fair,  
To trace the annals of recorded time,  
And past events with present to compare ;

To mete the globe, and through their wond'rous  
maze  
The planetary system to pursue :  
To read the soul through the eyes speaking rays,  
And, like a God, the inmost soul to view ?

These pow'r's intense, not for himself alone,  
The Gods implanted in the human mind,  
But bade the social breast all joys disown  
That beam no ray of blessing on its kind.

Hence flow my tears.—What tho' around my cell  
Security extends her downy wing,  
Though in this shade Contentment loves to dwell,  
Though Peace reposes, and tho' Pleasures sing,

"Tis

'Tis I alone am blest.—For you I mourn,  
Whose lot superior lifts your heads on high,  
Whose glitt'ring turrets to the clouds are borne,  
And catch the deathful meteors as they fly.

Ye gaudy pageants of life's dubious hour,  
How does each ruffing blast your honors rend ?  
How often, stain'd by sorrow's brihy show',  
Ye hang your heads, and to the dust descend ?

Ah ! what avails, when mis'ry rends the breast,  
The boasts of ancestry, th' imperial line,  
The herald-blazon'd coat and warlike crest ?  
Can these succeed at her relentless shrine ?

Or, what the wealth that crowns a hundred hills,  
Or, num'rous slaves attending at our call,  
When dire disease the aching bosom fills,  
Or Death, approaching, threatens loss of all ?

Tell me, ye happiest sons of wealth and pow'r,  
His utmost wish did Av'rice ever gain,  
When did Ambition to her summit tow'r,  
And fear, or envy, cease to give her pain ?

Can fretted roofs on attic columns rear'd,  
Or side-boards burden'd with Peruvian ore,  
Can Phidias' or Appelles' arts endear'd  
Invite serene Contentment to your door ?

Ah ! no — from pomp the sober Goddess flies,  
Wealth, titles, pow'r, are other names for care,  
Their boastful offers she alike decries,  
But list's propitious to the Peasant's pray'r.



*ELIZA'S*

ELIZA'S WEDDING-DAY (1755) 231

## ELIZA'S WEDDING-DAY.

### AN OCCASIONAL ECLOGUE.

Written ANN. DOM. 1755.

Addressed to the AUTHOR'S BROTHER, the  
Rev. Mr. PORTAL, VICAR of ABINGDON.

### I R O D

#### INTRODUCTION.

O, Could my Muse, with gentle GAY,  
Upon the boxen hautboy play,  
Or with sweet pipe of shepherd's boy  
Make Windsor's shades resound with joy,  
MARIA's beauties still should live,  
And mournful Doris cease to grieve;

ELIZA'S

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† ELIZA's love, ELIZA's truth,  
Unsading bloom in endless youth,  
And ev'ry bright delicious charm  
The barbed hand of Time disarm ;  
But ah, poor Thyrsis ! vain thy lay ;  
Yet do thy best and pipe away.

THYRSIS.

While from on high the flaming sun displays  
The scorching fury of his noon-tide rays,  
And, at the foot of this oak-shaded hill  
Our browsing cattle seek the cooling rill,  
Let us beguile the time with pleasing song,  
And stretch at ease our languid limbs along.

DORIS.

What boots it, Thyrsis, that our limbs are laid,  
Compos'd, beneath the oak's refreshing shade,

Or,

† If the Author's affection for the memory of the best  
and most amiable of wives, and of a kind and lovely relation,  
should have led him into the offering his generous readers a  
Poem, rather calculated to entertain the small circle of his  
social connections, than those who were strangers to the vir-  
tues of the deceased, and which perhaps may be thought not  
otherwise sufficiently perfect in its kind, he flatters himself  
they will permit the irresistibility of the motive to plead in  
extenuation of his crime.

Or, that around us on the yellow plain  
The fertile ground is hid with plenteous grain ;  
What though the meadows smile with cheerful  
green,  
And waving copes ornament the scene ;  
Can shades, or plenty, or delightful views,  
O'er wounded minds the smiles of joy diffuse ?  
When fond MARIA fled her shepherd's arms,  
Plains, meads and copes lost their wonted charms.

## THYRSIS.

Though just the cause, ah ! what avails your  
grief ?  
Since the pale tyrant is to pity deaf ?

## DORIS.

Though from my bosom Death has rudely torn  
The fragrant rose, he left the pointed thorn.  
Well may you, Thrysis, blithsome strains compose,  
Happy in love, and stranger to my woes ;  
Those blessings which your life with transports  
crown,  
Four moons agone I boasted as my own ;  
But now, though vigour, youth, and love remain,  
The charming object I lament in vain.

## COLIN.

## T H Y R S I S.

And who that knew the lovely nymph forbear'd  
 The willing tribute of condoling tears ?  
 Bright was her form, with graces richly deck'd,  
 Commanding love attemper'd with respect.  
 Sweet modesty, with social freedom join'd,  
 Her manners form'd, and wit adorn'd her mind.  
 How kind, how courteous she to ev'ry swain,  
 My wounded mem'ry recollects with pain :  
 But be all sorrows laid aside this day,  
 To Thyrsis' joys let Doris' griefs give way.

## D O R I S.

As soon the hare shall quit the shelt'ring brake,  
 And linnets grey the yellow furze forsake,  
 As soon shall British nymphs lose pow'r to charm,  
 And Afric maids the shepherds bosoms warm,  
 As I from this afflicted breast remove  
 The sad remembrance of MARIA's love.  
 Weep skies, sigh gales, droop all ye fading woods,  
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and murmur ring mourn ye floods ;  
 Ye gay-plum'd warblers cease your soothing strains,  
 Bats, ravens, screech-owls, scream along the plains ;  
 In pity to my woes, ye swains around,  
 Strip off the honours from the loaded ground ;

And

And let the fields, deserted and forlorn,  
Three dismal months my lost MARIA mourn ;  
Then shall returning spring their bosom's cheer ;  
But ah ! in mine,—'tis winter all the year.

## T H Y R S I S.

My dear ELIZA lov'd MARIA more  
Than bees the fragrance of the gaudy flow'r,  
Then while her praise I sing your woe suspend,  
And lose the lover in the gen'rous friend.

Twice three revolving happy years and one,  
Since sacred wedlock join'd our hands, have  
flow'n.

Sev'n times the shifting seasons went and came,  
The seasons change---our hearts remain the same.

Ye hills ye dales, ye streams and shady groves  
To distant plains resound our mutual loves.

Of ev'ry hue of ev'ry blossom dy'd,  
The gay carnation is the garden's pride ;  
So ev'ry beauty bright ELIZA wears,  
Blest THYRSIS' pride, and softner of his cares.  
The fragrant clove in sweetness most excels,  
The lily's fairest of the flow'ry belles,  
More sweet than cloves, than spotless lilies fair,  
**In THYRSIS' eyes ELIZA's beauties are.**

X

Ye

Ye hills, ye dales, ye streams and shady groves,  
 To distant plains resound our mutual loves.  
 Tell ev'ry nymph that mourns her swain's deceit,  
 The lov'd ELIZA is as good as sweet ;  
 When they, like her, each social virtue prove,  
 Their swains, like THYRSIS, shall return their love.  
 Guiltless of anger, harmless lambkins rove,  
 The loving turtles coo within the grove ;  
 My constant TRAY ne'er quits his master's side,  
 The prudent ants unthinking swains deride ;  
 And bees beneficent, with pleasing pains,  
 Collect sweet honey to enrich the swains ;  
 Lambs, turtles, Tray, and ants and bees may find  
 Their virtues blended in ELIZA's mind.

Ye hills, ye dales, ye streams and shady groves,  
 To distant plains resound our mutual loves.

Ye witless clowns who marriage-joys deride,  
 Nor know the comforts of a faithful bride,  
 Attentive listen to my tender tale,  
 Nor to your loss let prejudice prevail.  
 By winter's false inclement skies betray'd,  
 A burning fever on my vitals prey'd ;  
 My fleecy charge ELIZA's care supplied ;  
 Respondent to each groan ELIZA sigh'd ;  
 Twelve sleepless nights sharp anguish rack'd my  
 breast ;  
 Twelve sleepless nights ELIZA banish'd rest,

With

With care unwearied watch'd aside my bed,  
And with fond arm sustain'd my restless head ;  
Each cooling herb apply'd to soothe my pain,  
Nor were her tender labours wrought in vain ;  
Kind symptoms of returning health appear'd,  
And love's rich cordials my weak spirits cheer'd ;  
My strength renew'd, joy sparkled in her eye,  
And fill'd my soul with grateful extasy.

Ye hills, ye dales, ye streams and shady groves,  
To distant plains resound our mutual loves.

Ye mantling vines, that form the conscious bow'r,  
Where oft' we pass the soft endearing hour,  
While you, to imitate our joys divine,  
In wanton folds your am'rous branches twine,  
A thousand kisses whisper from your leaves,  
But barren of those sweets ELIZA gives ;  
For not the mingling arms or frequent kiss,  
But souls united cause the heart-felt bliss.

Ye hills, ye dales, ye streams and shady groves,  
To distant plains resound our mutual loves.

ELIZA's presence, with supreme delights,  
Shortens the summer's days and winter's nights ;  
No irksome toil shall THYRSIS ere regard,  
Her happiness and love the rich reward.

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Bless'd be the day, at each return thrice bless'd,  
That gave ELIZA to my raptur'd breast.  
This day may no misfortunes vex the swains,  
No ripen'd corn be laid by furious rains,  
No luckless reaper meet with painful wound,  
Or tread the stinging adder on the ground ;  
No nipping blast the hopeful grapes assail,  
Or make the downy peaches with'ring fail ;  
But may propitious love excite to mirth,  
And Ceres' honours grace the teeming earth ;  
With golden fruit the loaded trees be crown'd,  
And purple clusters on the vines abound !

Now cease, ye hills, ye dales, ye streams and  
groves,  
To tell the distant plains our mutual loves.

D O R I S.

Well hast thou, THYRSIS, tun'd the oaten reed,  
Thy songs the songs of Nightingales exceed ;  
Unable to withstand thy pow'rful lay,  
The melancholy fiend is hied away :  
To fate resign'd, I feel returning rest,  
Sweet Friendship now has all my soul posses'd,  
And THYRSIS young, with his ELIZA fair,  
Shall equal portions of my bosom share.

Long

Long may succeeding years their love renew,  
A pattern for each nymph and shepherd true;  
And may ELIZA fair, and THYRSIS young,  
To distant times by happy pairs be sung!



VERSES,

201      166 (169) February.

## V E R S E S,

Addressed to Mrs. S \* \* \* N,

ON HER MARRIAGE, 1771.

A Stranger long on soft Arcadia's shore,  
Shall I again its tuneful haunts explore?  
New to the dangers of the critic main,  
Shall I expose my little barque again?  
Hence, ye vain fears!—when SAPPHO claims' the  
    lay,  
PHOEBUS shall smile, and fav'ring breezes play.  
When bursts the warm wish from the lab'ring  
    heart,  
What, but the Muse, can the full soul impart,  
With pow'rful numbers wing the ardent pray'r,  
And spread its passage thro' the ambient air.

Celest.

Celestial pow'rs ! if with complacent thought,  
 Ye view your works to full perfection wrought,  
 If ye behold, from your transcendent throne,  
 With pleasure, minds approaching near your own ;  
 If, mid'st this fair fantastic group below,  
 Some breast should with Seraphic virtues glow,  
 Disdain to join in Folly's modish train,  
 And with pure off'rings greet your hallow'd fane,  
 Would you not smile propitious on her vow,  
 And ev'ry tender, virtuous wish allow ?

Bounteous to all, you spread the spangled  
 skies,  
 Bid fruits and flow'rs and genial suns arise,  
 With soft'ning show'rs assist the teeming soil,  
 And crown with golden plenty virtuous toil :  
 Yet, in your bounty just, — the god-like mind  
 Can boast its blessings of superior kind,  
 Beyond the dazzling splendors of a throne,  
 To ev'ry little sordid breast unknown.

Let these be SAPPHO's lot — O, let her prove  
 The raptures of humanity and love,  
 With ev'ry blissful feeling of the heart  
 That wisdom, genius, goodness can impart !  
 And may propitious fortune still supply  
 A stream which thirstless bounty ne'er can dry !

A FRAG.

## F R A G M E N T.

Being part of an ODE intended to have been inscribed to an afflicted friend, on the Death of his Lady ; but finding the business already performed by an abler hand, and that the deceased Lady's tomb was already strewed with the sweetest and most elegant flowers, the Author dropped his design, for reasons too obvious to need mentioning.

**A**S near her fav'rite Isle, Neptune's fair queen,  
In gorgeous triumph cut her liquid way,  
Around her car the Nereids green,  
And many a blue-ey'd Nymph was seen,  
And clam'rous Tritons sound their uncouth lay.

When,

When, sudden, from the rocky cliffs that bound  
Fair Albion's southern strand,  
Issu'd a sweet but melancholy sound,  
And cheek'd the jovial band.\*

From rock to rock sad echos groan'd,  
Th' attendant Zephyr sigh'd and moan'd,  
The goddess of the melting eye  
With plaintive accents fill'd the sky,  
And music from the woody shore  
Renew'd the Thracian strain that Orpheus play'd  
of yore.

Sweet EMMA's name was borne on ev'ry gale,  
Sweet EMMA's charms the subject of each strain,  
Sweet EMMA's loss concludes the mournful tale,  
Sweet EMMA's death and MUSIDORUS' pain.

Struck with th' infectious woe,  
As with some fatal blow,  
Each mournful Triton dropp'd his vocal shell,  
The blue eye'd sisters smote their bosoms bare,  
The Neriads rent their sea-green hair,  
And copious floods adown their fair cheeks fell.

The Ocean's mighty goddess to her side  
Call'd ev'ry pow'r whose bounteous tide

\* The afflicted friend honoured the memory of his Lady  
with a Poem, written at Sandgate Castle, near Folkestone,  
in Kent.

With golden meads enrich'd each British vale,  
To ask the meaning of the woeful tale.

Old Thames approach'd, with naval honours  
crown'd,  
And rev'rend Cam, with Grecian fillet bound,  
Humber, indented deep with scars,  
The sad effect of Scottish wars,  
And all the silver-footed train  
That pour their treasures in the main.

When, mid'st the throng (his furrow'd temples  
deck'd  
With wreaths of alder waving o'er his brow)  
Parental Eden bow'd with deep respect,  
And to the Goddess thus disclos'd his woe.  
‘ Ost’, beauteous partner of dread Neptune’s sway,  
‘ My ravish’d ears have drunk those melting  
founds,  
‘ Able to chace each human care away,  
‘ Or on the breast t’ inflict the deadliest wounds.  
‘ Not Pow’rs immortal can withstand  
‘ The magic influence of that hand,  
‘ Whether to joy or grief it moves the soul,  
‘ It binds each adverse thought, and reigns with-  
out controul.

As

‘ As on my banks, by filial duty sway’d,  
‘ Young Musidorus tun’d his pious reed, \*  
‘ And for my temples wove this leafy shade  
‘ In-mix’d with wild-flow’rs and each fragrant weed,  
‘ Tripping along, to hear his song,  
‘ Each lad and lass scarce bent the grass,  
‘ Nymphs, Fays, and Dryads, all unseen,  
‘ Mix’d in the mazy dance, and gambol’d o’er  
the green; *mus M orf’r nifis Lcigmetta*  
‘ Ev’n I, awhile, held back my coursing stream,  
‘ And stopp’d attentive to the grateful theme;  
‘ But now—Ah Fates unkind! —  
‘ Some mighty grief afflicts his virtuous mind.”

He ceas’d—Avonia, rob’d in flowing vest<sup>H</sup>  
Of azure hue, with mimic stars bedight,  
Thus spake the sorrows rising in her breast,  
And thus deplo’r’d the loss of her delight.  
Hapless EMMA, on my shore,  
Never shall thy beauties more—

\* Alluding to his Ode to the river Eden.

Friendship is not a dream, nor a vision,  
But a real thing, and it comes not to man  
In his sleep, or in his dreams, but in his  
Waking moments, when he is most awake.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Attempted after the Manner of COWLEY.

**F**RiENDSHIP, how sweet, how comely dost  
thou seem! O similitude and beauty!  
But art thou aught indeed besides a dream, I said?  
A pleasing dream where mines of wealth we own,  
But by distress awak'd, we find our comfort flown.

Yet have I read amongst the poets tales  
What mighty things have been by Friendship done;  
Or if the world of fiction naught avails,  
View Israel's royal youth and Jesse's son.

Their

Their love above the love of woman rose,  
Ethereal flame purg'd from each grosser fire;  
Their bosoms throbb'd with the same joy and woe,  
Like notes accordant from th' harmonious lyre.

Barometers alike thus rise and fall,  
Elate with sunshine or by clouds deprest'd,  
The same sublime affection moves on all;  
So Friendship acts upon the social breast.

But most, like pasteboard figures seem t' agree,  
Which when the sky is neither foul nor fair,  
At neighb'r'ing doors, in kindly amity,  
Partake the common privilege of air:

But if, perchance the brightning sky should clear,  
And PHOEBUS spread his shining tresses wide,  
Or threat'ning cloud drops some forboding tear,  
Far as they can the former friends divide.

And some, alas ! there are, who like the sun  
Cheer the fair op'ning bud with friendly gleam,  
But when expanded wide its beauties shun,  
Or, envious, wither with oppressive beam.

Others

Others, like wanton dames, exhaust their charms  
On all alike, nor heed th' intrinsic worth ;  
And lose within a thousand different arms,  
What one alone had foster'd into birth.

Some, like the tuneful tenants of the shade,  
A fond and close, but short alliance make,  
The purpose serv'd which first their union made,  
A long farewell the future strangers take.

Others (whom fortune blast!) with smooth-tongu'd  
guile, involving all sorts of sin & vice betray,  
The unsuspecting social heart betray,  
Like treach'rous Syrens murd'ring with a smile,  
Like comets blazing with malignant ray.

Amidst this threat'ning deluge, far out-spread,  
Where shall the faithful dove of Friendship rest ?  
Return, sweet bird, to thy domestic shade,  
The poets age and miracles are ceas'd.

Ah ! yet return not---spread thy pinions wide,  
No labour spare, encompass land and sea,  
Let naught th' inestimable jewel hide,  
Find me a friend, if any friend there be :

Nay

Nay, better thou shouldst suffer fair deceit,  
Than solitary to my breast return,  
Who dreams of pleasure is not so compleat  
A wretch, as him who only wakes to mourn,



A DEVO-

... ministered by or visited by T  
... son is entitled to a reward W  
... son of man. **A**

## DEVOTIONAL THOUGHT.

**W**HEN round the ample firmament I gaze  
On all the glories which thy might dis-  
plays ;  
When o'er the culter'd earth I cast my eye,  
Lost in the wonders of variety ;  
When Ocean's vast immensity I scan,  
And count her treasures, Lord ! I cry, what's man ?

But when with bolder ken my fancy dares  
Pierce through thy works and soar beyond the  
stars,  
There view thee on thy everlasting throne  
Pouring thy judgments and thy mercies down,  
I fear, I love, I tremble, I adore,  
And wonder at man's littleness no more,  
Skies, earth and seas with marvels cease to shine,  
And sink beneath the human soul divine.

**A SON-**

---

## S O N N E T

T O

Mrs. S H \* \* \* \* N,

W I T H

## N U P T I A L E L E G I E S.

---

THE youth whose nicely-judging eye  
Could in celestial forms descry  
Where sov'reign beauty shone,  
Was, by Cyth'rea's just decree,  
Blest with the loveliest, fairest she  
That Greece had ever known.

The warrior who on Trojan plains  
Renown'd for sacred wisdom reigns  
The first among his peers,

A a

Po-

Possess'd the truest, chastest bride  
That ever graced a hero's side,  
And calm'd his jealous fears :

Arm'd with the magic powers of sound,  
The tempting Syrens warbled round  
Their love-inspiring lay ;  
The conscious Prince confess'd his fears,  
And wisely stopp'd his ravish'd ears,  
Lest they his faith betray.

Dear to each partial pow'r above,  
What youth was ever blest in love,  
With all these charms combin'd ;  
Fair Helen's soul-enchanting mien,  
The faith of Ithaca's chaste Queen,  
And Syren graces join'd ?

Ah ! none—till matchless L\*\*\*y deign'd  
To bless the bosom where she reign'd  
Supreme by Love's decree,  
With brighter charms than Greece could shew,  
With faith and chastity as true,  
And soul of harmony.

Could

To Mrs. SHERIDAN. 179

Could SILVIA's simple beauties raise  
Such soft extatic bursts of praise  
From CORIN's honest breast ;  
Thrice-favour'd youth ! what joys divine,  
What nameless raptures must be thine  
Through life's celestial feast ?



A 2 VERSES

QTF MARCH [180] 180 T

---

V E R S E S  
TO

A L A D Y

AT

E N D F I E L D.

---

FOR entertainment free and kind,  
Well-suited to a Poet's mind,  
How can a grateful Bard refuse  
To pay the sterlinc of the Muse ?  
Yet, ah ! compute it not by weight,  
Nor brightness, lest its luckless fate  
Should sink its value to French-plate  
But view it as a mental coin  
Dug from the will's enriching mine,

2325

2326

Which

Which like Bath-water has the pow'r  
To turn to gold more worthless ore.  
But hang apologies!—I hate 'em—  
Therefore beg, Madam, that you'd bate 'em.

I only mean, in English plain,  
To thank you o'er and o'er again  
For bed and board and friendly toil;  
But chiefly for that gracious smile,  
Which Monarchs might with envy boast  
From such a fair and gentle host.

Instead of Endfield's pleasant chace,  
Had Norway's rocks supply'd the place,  
Instead of that delicious fare,  
Which friendship offer'd me to share,  
Had the hard Caledonian lot  
Of kale and bannocks crown'd your pot,  
Instead of cherub's sporting round  
Had Shakespeare's urchins beat the ground,  
And now and then, in spiteful cue,  
My legs been pinch'd to black and blue;  
So sweet a smile had well supply'd  
A lovelier charm than rural pride,  
Had made ev'n kale and bannocks richer  
Than nectar'd draughts from Hebe's pitcher,

And

182 To a LADY at ENDFIELD.

And rais'd the soul above the feeling  
Of fairy-urchins spiteful dealing.

If Friendship's smiles such pow'r display,  
To bear the raptur'd soul away,  
How highly must my friend esteem,  
That richer smile reserv'd for him ?



SONGS.

# SONGS.

## LOVE and INNOCENCE.

WANTON pleasure far away,  
To more airy regions stray,  
O'er yon gay fantastic train  
Spread your plumage light and vain ;  
My hours on happier pinions move,  
Wing'd with Innocence and Love.

Flora me to joy invites,  
Me, the feather'd choir delights,  
Me the flow'ry-margin'd streams  
Murm'ring lull to pleasing dreams,

And

And STELLA feasts each raptur'd sense  
With charming Love and Innocence.

What is revelry and noise ?  
What the drunkard's boasted joys ?  
What the wanton's venal kiss ?  
What the miser's sordid bliss ?  
Can these through life such sweets dispense  
As charming Love and Innocence.

2

THE

THE

**HAPPY VIRGIN.**

**H**OW happy a state does the Virgin possets,  
Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress,  
She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd and gay,  
No cares to molest her by night or by day.  
No husband controuls her, or crosses her will,  
But o'er all her actions she mistress is still ;  
In freedom and pleasure she passes her life,  
If so happy a Virgin, who would be a wife ?

No bantlings to tease her, or break her night's rest,  
With peace and contentment her moments are  
blest,  
She sleeps till 'tis time in the morning to rise,  
And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies.  
Surrounded abroad by a crowd of smart beaux,  
Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes,

B b

About

About her they swarm like the bees to their hives,  
If so happy when Virgins, then who would be  
wives?

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss if she please,  
Which is bought at th' expence of her freedom  
and ease,

Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must stay,  
While abroad we can range to the park, ball and  
play,

Through a maze of soft pleasures our actions we  
steer,

And when we come home, we've no husband to  
fear,

To tease us and vex us, and tire out our lives,  
If so happy when Virgins, then who would be  
wives?

**CUPID'S**

## CUPID'S KISSES.

**C**UPID, the little am'rous boy,  
For ever flutt'ring round,  
In search of all those pow'rs of joy  
With female beauty found,

My CLOE met,—and in her hair  
Through sunny ringlets stray'd,  
Then on her swelling bosom fair  
His rosy cheek he laid ;

Sipp'd from her lips the balmy dew,  
Than Nectar sweeter far,  
Her neck, her cheeks inviting hue  
By turns his favors share.

He roved each matchless beauty o'er,  
And bask'd beneath that ray,  
Where none had e'er unarm'd before  
Approach'd celestial day.

The raptur'd God on each soft grace  
Imprints a glowing kiss,  
And left a dart in ev'ry place,  
As witness of his bliss, \*



\* This song is prettily set by the ingenious Mr. Thomas Smart.

A.D.(189) Y.M. 09

Evans Publishing Company

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## MYRTILLA,

O R,

### THE APPROACH OF BEAUTY.

---

SEE, MYRTILLA, heav'ly maid !  
Issuing from the woodbine shade,  
Sweeter than the sweetest flow'rs  
That deck CYTHERA's fragrant bow'rs ;  
Cyprian airs around her move,  
Breathing raptures, breathing love.

Where she turns her radiant eyes,  
Scenes of soft enchantment rise ,  
Myrtle bry'r, and eglantine,  
Their odorif'rous charms combine ;

Nature's

Nature's quiristers above  
Warble music, warble love.

Brighter glows the burning sphere,  
Gilding all the prospect near,  
Flora sheds a purple grace,  
And Nature smiles o'er all her face ;  
Shepherds beating bosoms prove  
Pleasing anguish, conq'ring love. \*

THE APPROACH TO BEAUTY



\* Mr. B. A. Adams, a gentleman who has obliged the Public with several specimens of his musical talents, particularly, in thy Author's opinion, by his composition of the *Transitory Kiss*, in a book of songs entitled *The Paphian Doves*—where the music is in a striking manner an echo to the sense; has favoured him with a tune to the above.

H O P E.

---

# H O P E.

---

THE  
DREAM

**H**OPE, for ever young and gay,  
All thy fairy scenes portray,  
Soothe, O soothe my raging mind,  
Paint Myrtilla fair and kind.

Eyes that sweetly piercing play,  
Smiles that steal the heart away,  
Yielding to my fierce desire  
Charms that set the soul on fire.

Paint her with each nameless grace  
Love can add to beauty's face,  
Prone to ev'ry gen'rous joy,  
Murm'ring that she e'er was coy.

OLDING

Let

Let the yellow-vested God  
 O'er us wave his magic rod,  
 Fondly binding hearts and hands  
 With indissoluble bands.

H P O H

---

## THE

## DELICATE PASSION.

**W**HEN Mira's soul, in brightness drest,  
 Shines thro' the whiteness of her breast,  
 And lustre of her eye,  
 My love with conscious awe adores,  
 That wond'rous mine of charms explores,  
 And heaves a hopeless sigh.  
 Though all the gentle virtues dwell,  
 In which the lovely sex excell,  
 Beneath that heav'n of snow,  
 Ah ! what can tender pity do,  
 But fan those raging flames anew,  
 Which now too fiercely glow ?

OLINDO

*Olindo and Sophronia,*

**T R A G E D Y.**

The Story taken from **TASSO.**

*Publica materies privati Juris erit, si  
Non circa Vilem Patulumque moraberis Orbem.*

**Hor. De Arte Poetica.**

Published first Ann. Dom. 1758.

C c

Dra-

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N .

ALADINE, King of *Jerusalem*.

OLINDO, { A Chief of the Christians, in  
love with *Sopronia*.

ARISTO, Friend to *Olindo*, in love  
with *Amantia*.

ARGANTES, An Ambassador from *Egypt*.

ORCANO, T An old Counsellor.

ISMENO, A Magician.

Christians, Officers, Guards, &c.

### W O M E N .

SOPHRONIA, Sister to *Aristo*.

AMANTIA, Sister to *Olindo*.

S C E N E , J E R U S A L E M .

## ( 82 ) P R O L O G U E.

*WHEN* first the tragic Muse adorn'd the Stage,  
*The Acts of Gods employ'd her glorious Rage;*  
*Sacred to Piety, on solemn Days*  
*She rous'd Devotion with her mournful Lays;*  
*She fung of earthly Heroes deified,*  
*Who liv'd for Virtue and for Virtue died.*  
*But now no more those sacred Themes delight,*  
*Taste, in the present Age, is too polite.*  
*Modeless Religion dares no more appear*  
*To the gay Audience of a Theatre.*  
*The pious Bard, ab! who will stand his Friend?*  
*What patient Ear his cloying Scenes attend?*  
*Tho' from his pen a tender Story flow,*  
*Exhausting all the Energy of Woe;*  
*In vain all Arts are try'd Applause to win;*  
*Religion's an unpardonable Sin—*  
*The Town nice-judging quick the Fault will spy,*  
*And in one Night his blasted Labours die.*  
*Conscious of this, the Author of To-day,*  
*At neither House presum'd to shew his Play;*  
*Success he could not hope, and did not dare*  
*To hold his Hand at the Theatral Bar.*  
*Yet tho' he durst not on the Stage appear,*  
*Some few of either Sex he trusts there are,*  
*Who, nobly singular, will not deny*  
*To view his Labours with a candid Eye.*  
*Should Virtue's glorious Sons espouse his Cause,*  
*And deign to favour him with their Applause,*  
*O might be such transcendent Honours gain!*  
*The Beau may sneer, the Critic damn in vain.*

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## *Olindo and Sophronia.*

---

### А С Т И.

SCENE I. *Jerusalem. The Palace;*

KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, and Counsellors.

KING:

OFT' as the wakeful herald of the morn  
Proclaims the new-born day—so oft' our ears  
Are grated with some new success of GODFREY's.  
*Emmaus* has added to the conq'ror's wreath ;—  
But how indeed shou'd that small town resist,  
When warlike *Nice* and *Antioch*'s famous walls  
Were found too weak to stop his rapid course !  
*Cilicia*'s coasts acknowledge his dominion,  
And bend the knee before his earth-born God.  
But what need I recount each fated place ?  
All *Asia* falls before him. O Mahomet !  
If there is but one God, and if thou art  
His holy Prophet, as thou surely art,  
Shield with thy mighty arm, thy faith, this town :  
For ere to-morrow's noon, this furious host

Before

Before these walls shall spread its bloody Cross,  
But you, brave Lords, in wholesome counsel wise,  
As bold and daring in the martial field,  
Advise how best we may defend this place  
Against these prosp'rous robbers.

—*Argantes.* Royal Sire,

Let not your noble heart, in wars grown old,  
Shrink at the fury of this boasting crew,  
These Virgin-worshippers ; what tho' as yet  
Fortune has plum'd their helms with conquests  
bright ?

'Tis thus she flatters fools to fight for graves,  
Which they shall find ere long before these walls.  
Lay waste the suburbs ; poison all the springs ;  
Employ all usual methods of defence.

My royal Master, *Egypt's* potent Prince,  
With such resistless aids shall join your pow'rs,  
That ye shall see these fierce religious wolves,  
Whom zeal for rapine draws from *Europe's* den,  
By hunger tam'd—by burning thirst made faint—  
Prest hard on ev'ry side by valiant foes—  
Drop like the leaves before autumnal winds,  
And fat the tempting soil they come to pillage.

*Orcano.* This language, valiant Lord, full well  
becomes

A soldier's tongue, whose courage presses on  
To hostile action, and whose sphere's the field :  
But still appears too unsecure a base  
To found deliberate counsel on. Success,  
At which ev'n Expectation stands amaz'd,  
Can never by the wise be sure expected :  
For Courage daring without Reason's guidance,

De-

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Degenerates to rashness, and oft' leads  
Deluded mortals into greater ills,  
Than those from which it saves; 'tis Reason only,  
Whose bright unerring lamp can best direct  
Our wary steps thro' Danger's slipp'ry paths,

*Argantes.* Reason's the Coward's plea, What—  
Will ye then (When god-like Glory beckons you to arms,  
To rescue Asia from impending ruin,  
And hurl destruction on your Prophet's foes)  
Sit tamely still, and starve within your walls,  
Or meanly sue for peace, and strive with gifts  
To bribe the mercenary wretch ye fear?  
With bow'd-down necks receive the tyrant's yoke,  
The pure religion of your Sires forsake,  
And kneel before the Image of a Woman?

*Orcano.* Argantes, well I know your mighty  
deeds  
Outswell your lofty words: but, Royal Sire,  
If Loyalty, with grey Experience join'd,  
If cool reflection from a heart that feels  
More for its Monarch's danger than its own,  
May (without thence incurring vile impute  
Of hateful cowardice) with leave advise  
What Reason dictates, not with Passion blind,  
Nor aw'd by servile fear; then will I speak.

*King.* Orcano, freely all thy thoughts reveal:  
By proof we know thee honest, bold, and wise;  
And from thy counsels oft' have reap'd success.

*Orcano.* For that thank him, whose pow'r alone  
can give  
To wisest counsels their desir'd effect:

Since

Since all the wit of man, and all the strength  
 In vain exerts itself against his will.  
 Let us implore the holy Prophet's aid,  
 To reconcile us to offended Heav'n;  
 And take each prudent method to avert  
 The storm impending o'er our guilty heads.  
 War is the bolt of vengeance on bad men,  
 Ev'n on that side which proves the most successful:  
 And the loud trump of conquest never sounds  
 With dying groans unmix'd, and roaring anguish,  
 The widow's shrieks, and helpless orphans cries:  
 It cannot then be cowardice to shun  
 A fiend attended with so many horrors.  
 Love to our country, duty to ourselves,  
 Our wives, our children, and our fellow soldiers,  
 Require it of us, if we can with honour.

*Argantes.* Can honour stoop so low, to sue for  
 peace  
 To Christian dogs — contemners of your Prophet —  
 Disturbers of the world; — base sons of violence, —  
 Whose bloody hands have half unpeopled Asia? —  
 False hypocrites — who make religion serve  
 To veil the blackest crimes — rapine and murder?  
 And while they preach up to you specious names  
 Of truth — of peace — and universal love,  
 Seek to despoil you of your goods and lives.  
 No — she despairs the thought — but if she cou'd —  
 Think you these men, by victories made vain;  
 And more by your submission, will consent  
 To any terms you can with honour ask?  
 Wou'd you indeed obey fair honour's voice,  
 And Mahomet's assistance hope to gain,  
 Let not a Christian live within your walls;  
 Root out the cursed weeds from this fair garden,  
 Thus disencumber'd, shall it thrive again.

*King.*

*King.* Well hast thou said, ARGANTES : by this light,

The counsel's wholesome : tis the wisest measure  
Mind e'er devis'd--Yes--they shall die--the dogs !  
What do they here, but spy upon our motions,  
And watch occasions to betray the city ?  
Else GODFREY wou'd not dare approach these walls,  
Impregnable, unless by treach'ry gain'd :  
Besides, I hate the Christians from my Soul,  
And (but I waited for some fair excuse)  
Wou'd long ago have rooted from our earth  
Their impious race; but now their doom's decreed.

*Orcano.* Dread Sire--for Heav'n's sake--I conjure you--O,

Consider well--weigh ev'ry circumstance--  
Ere to an act so desperate and bloody  
You give the sanction of your high command.  
Pardon the boldness of a subject's zeal :  
But when I see my honour'd Sovereign,  
(Whose service duty binds not more upon me  
Than warm affection to his Royal person)  
About to do a deed would stain his glory,  
And plunge him into dangers unforeseen,  
My honest heart will not permit my tongue  
To lie unmov'd, and see him seek destruction.

*Argantes.* Tell thee, Lord, age freezes in thy veins ;

Quenches each spark of vigour in thy breast,  
And in all others prompts thee to condemn  
Whate'er thy feeble arm may well decline.  
Is honour stain'd--when we in self-defence  
Destroy our foes ? or bleeds Religion--when

With

A TRAGEDY. 201

With pious zeal we but revenge the wrongs  
Of holy Mahomet ? and whence arise  
These dreaded ills ? will dangers then be more,  
When foes are fewer ? or are we to fear  
The shades of those whose substance we've destroy'd?

*Orcano.* Argantes, know---whate'er unthinking  
rage,---  
Honour on pride uprais'd--zeal on revenge,  
May term the horrid action you propose ;  
I, and each honest heart, or friend or foe,  
Must deem it base, inhuman, execrable.  
The innocent to slaughter, unprovok'd---  
Unable--unprepar'd--for self-defence ;  
Is so abhor'd a fact as cannot fail  
With tenfold rage to arm th' approaching foe,  
Deprive our friends of ev'ry hope of mercy,  
And draw down vengeance on us from above.  
The Citizens, to save their goods and lives,  
And in just detestation of our crime,  
Will court with gifts the hand they now abhor.  
Wou'd you obtain the holy Prophet's aid,  
Surpass your foes in virtues—not in crimes.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant.* My Lord, a man without, who calls  
his name  
Ismeno, waits with matters of high import  
T' inform your Majesty and council.

*King.* Bring him before us. *Ha!* [Exit. *Servant.* I ere now have heard  
Fame babble wonders of this man : but what  
His bus'ness here can be, I cannot guess.

D d

*Enter*

*Enter Ismeno.*

*Ismeno.* From darksome caves, by thickest cover hid,  
Of shades impenetrable, whence the sun  
Vanquish'd retires, and universal night,  
As in old Chaos, holds perpetual sway;  
Where, long from eye of mortal man immur'd,  
Cheer'd by the lamp of wisdom, I have past  
My studious hours in search of sacred knowledge;  
Now, urg'd by loyalty and zeal, I come  
To aid my Sov'reign in this dang'rous time;  
What counsel sage or magic's potent skill  
Can do, that will I; and believe me, sire,  
Wit can do more than arms.—Such spells I know,  
As make Hell tremble, and each sprite impure  
Reluctant yield to a superior force.

*King.* Who has not heard, Ismeno, of thy fame?  
Thy loyalty is grateful — by thy skill,  
Canst thou assist us in this day of peril?  
Speak thy intent, and know that thou shalt find  
Rewards proportion'd to th' important service,  
And the munificence of royal bounty.

*Ismeno.* Thy treasures be thine own, be mine  
the glory  
To serve my Sov'reign, and relieve my country.  
These are the only motives which incite me.  
And see, the foe approaches; near at hand  
Their bloody banners fly; 'tis now high time  
Some means were us'd.—

*King.* Say, shall we first devise  
To rid the town of all its inward foes,  
And root out ev'ry Christian in our walls?

*Ismeno.*

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Ismeno. 'Twere not good policy: for whilst  
alive  
And in your pow'rs, they are as hostages.  
Ta'en of the enemy; a certain pledge,  
Shou'd they in arms prevail, of gentler terms.  
Besides, 'twere needless; for within my breast  
I have conceiv'd a purpose most effectual,  
From all attacks without, or inward treason,  
To keep us safe.

King. Be brief, and let us know  
The labour of thy mind, that we may strait  
Command it to be done.

Ismeno. Know, Royal Sir,  
Within the Christian temple, far from sight,  
A secret vault there is, where gold and gems,  
And costly ornaments of various sort,  
In painting, sculpture, and gay colour'd tap'stry,  
Dispel the native horror of the place.  
There, on a curious altar, rich inlaid  
With ivory and gold, an image lies  
Of her they worship as their Prophet's Mother,  
And yet ( strange truth ! ) esteem a spotless  
virgin.  
This idol wou'd I have remov'd from thence  
By force, and by your royal orders plac'd  
In Mah'met's sacred temple. There secur'd,  
By cunning spells and pow'r of magic charms,  
I will enchant it in such wond'rous sort,  
That whilst the image in that mosque remains,  
No strength of arms shall win this noble fort,  
Or shake these sacred walls. Rely on me.  
My life for the success.

King. Enough—'Tis done.  
I will this instant to the Christian temple,

D d 2

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And seize the idol---follow with me, Lords.

[*Exeunt.*

*The scene changes to a Room in OLINDO's House.*

OLINDO, AMANTIA.

*Amantia.* Why hangs that cloud upon your brow, Olindo?

Why from your sister will you still conceal  
The secret woe, that rankles in your breast,  
Since I must lose all sense of grateful love,  
Or share whatever gives you joy or pain?  
Believe me, brother, such is my affection,  
I cou'd as soon conceal a secret thought  
From Heaven as from you.

*Olindo.* I know your soul  
Is fraught with sweetness, gentleness, and love;  
And you to me are in as dear esteem  
As virtue to good men: but why, my sister,  
Shou'd you attribute ev'ry serious look,  
Each downcast glance, and unregarded sigh,  
To inward discontent, and stifled pain?  
From latent changes in the mortal frame,  
Th' æthereal mind is strangely oft affected,  
Without the aid of an external cause.  
The rising spirits now diffuse a smile  
O'er all th' enlighten'd visage, and the heart  
Exults with sudden joy she knows not why.  
Again the spirits flag, a sudden gloom  
Succeeds; sighs heave the penitive breast,  
Society displeases, and we seek,  
In solitary distance, to indulge  
The pleasing melancholy.

*Amantia.* This I own;  
Nature, by fits, thus wantons with her sons,  
From

From causes too obscure for us to see.  
 But when these terms of dulness last so long  
 As your's have done, affection cannot help  
 Suspecting other springs from whence they rise.

*Olindo.* Believe me, my Amantia, your suspic-  
 tions  
 Are all the offspring of your matchless kindness,  
 Which raises phantoms up to fright itself.

*Amantia.* By villains hands cut off, my father  
 died,  
 Ere I had sense to know the ties of nature.  
 My mother's faithful heart so doated on him,  
 That after having languish'd nine long months,  
 During which time (as I have often wept  
 To hear you tell) she never chang'd her weeds,  
 Nor tasted pleasant food, nor suffer'd joy  
 To brighten her sad countenance ; at length,  
 Worn with continual pining, she expir'd :  
 When, for the first time since my father's death,  
 A smile o'erspread her face, and thus she cry'd,  
 I come, my long-lost love, to meet you now.--  
 To such a tale who can deny a tear ?

*Olindo.* Ah ! who indeed ? but to what end is now  
 The tragic tale repeated ?

*Amantia.* Thus I lost  
 The nat'r'l guardians of my tender years,  
 Nor have I known one hurtful consequence  
 From thence proceeding ; I have prov'd in you  
 A father's care--a mother's fond indulgence--  
 And all the social friendship of a brother.  
 Your wisdom taught my infant steps to tread  
 The paths of honour, virtue, and religion,  
 And your example serv'd me for a pattern.

*Olindo.*

*Olindo.* What means my sister by this sudden  
burst,  
This overflowing of the tender passions ?

*Amantia.* Yet by such gentle means you sway'd  
my mind,  
That to this day my eyes have ne'er beheld  
A frown upon your brow, nor have my ears  
Been ever grated with an harsh command :  
My wants have all, by your officious love,  
Before myself well knew them, been supplied,  
And ev'ry comfort in your power to give,  
Unwished for, I have tasted. Such has been  
Your condescending tenderness to me,  
That I could pour into your friendly bosom  
The inmost secrets of my soul, not fearing  
My weakness shou'd be scorn'd, but sure to meet  
Sincere, affectionate, and wise advice.

*Olindo.* Why will you pain me thus with the  
recital ?  
What I have done, you more than have deserv'd.

*Amantia.* Ah ! what have I, poor orphan, to  
return  
For all this wond'rous good ?--or had I wealth  
And honours to bestow--how poor the gift  
To pay the mighty debt ! but I, alas !  
Have nought but pray'rs, and gratitude, and love,  
And think you, then, I can so soon forget  
Each gen'rous sentiment instill'd by you,  
As with indiff'rence, thus to see you pine,  
Thus waste your lonely hours in silent grief,  
And wear out life with heart-corroding care ?  
Be witness, Heav'n, to this my ardent vow !  
That I will never taste of joy or ease  
Till to your breast tranquility returns.

*Olindo.*

*Olindo.* Recall that rash, that hasty vow,  
Amantia;

May everlasting gladness cheer thy soul,  
And blessings heap'd on blessings crown thy days!  
Your kinder fortune paves your way to bliss.  
Aristo, gen'rous youth, in virtue rich,  
Nor poor in wordly wealth, e'en now presents  
A heart worth your acceptance; and you oft  
Have own'd to me a tender approbation.  
'Twas but this morn he begg'd me to prevail  
With you to fix some limit to delay.

*Amantia.* I will not offer to deny; in him  
Is join'd all that a virgin's heart can wish:  
But were he grac'd with charms, beyond the pow'r  
Of fancy to conceive; with virtues, more  
Than ever warm'd the bosom of a saint;  
And tho' a fiercer passion fir'd my heart,  
Than tongue of artful lover ever feign'd;  
I wou'd not yield my hand, or let one thought  
Dwell on the prospect of such happiness;  
While you, who from my youth have always  
been  
My kind support and gen'rous benefactor,  
Give up your soul a prey to inward grief.

*Olindo.* O quit that dire resolve, too gen'rous  
sister!  
Your happiness was all I dar'd to hope:  
Indulg'd in that I never will complain.

*Amantia.* To you I owe that I am not a wretch--  
Forlorn and destitute--oblig'd to earn  
A scanty living by laborious toil;  
Of ev'ry virtuous sentiment devoid,  
Doom'd to a life of ignorance and error:  
Yes--I repeat my vow--confirm it Heav'n!  
Whilst you are wretched, I will ne'er be happy.

*Olindo.*

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*Olindo.* Too high you rate the little I have  
done,

Which was but duty : I had been a brute,  
Had I dealt otherwise with so much sweetness.  
Your gratitude and tenderness have quite  
O'erpow'r'd my soul, my strongest resolutions  
Must bend beneath the weight of such affection.  
My griefs (since you will share them, tho' un-  
known) Why shou'd I longer hide ? yes—you shall know  
The cause of my anxiety : and though  
I feel some backwardness from rising shame,  
Yet I will tell my weakness to my sister ;  
Then judge if I have any room for hope.

*Amantia.* Now you are kind indeed ; and who  
can tell When I have heard your griefs, but I may find  
Something within my pow'r to give you ease.  
What cannot love perform ?

*Olindo.* Ah no ! I fear,  
Too fast the dart is riveted that rends  
My tortur'd heart with pangs of hopeless love.  
Aristo's sister, the divine Sophronia,  
That charming saint, whose elevated soul  
Dwells ever in the skies, and feeds on faith,  
Unconscious of her beauty, how can she  
Be ever brought to pity its effects ?  
How can her soul, so chaste - so pure - so good,  
Angels might copy excellence from her,  
Fir'd with the love of heav'n, e'er condescend  
To take a mortal passion to her breast ?  
Long have I striv'n to check the growing flame,  
And chace her lovely image from my mind,  
Like her my thoughts, and wishes to exalt  
Far above ev'ry other earthly beauty : but

'Tis

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'Tis all in vain ! for when I think of heav'n,  
The bright idea of her shining soul,  
In robes of spotless innocence array'd,  
Presents itself before me for a guide.

*Amantia.* Too much, indeed, I fear your suit  
is vain.

Ah ! strive, Olindo, tho' the task be hard,  
Her virtues from her beauties to divide :  
The first and best you may with ease possess ;  
Oh, that with ease you cou'd forget the last.

*Olindo.* Forget her beauties--didst thou say,  
Amantia ?

As soon might men forget the radiant sun,  
That cheers and warms them with his genial  
beams.

*Amantia.* Yet cheer your drooping spirits, I  
have hopes

She may be wrought on : you have never yet  
Declar'd your passion ; I this eve expect  
To see Aristo : (much I know she loves him)  
And tho' Sophronia has (as I've been told)  
Besought her parents oft, with humble tears,  
That she might live and die a virgin pure ;  
And they as oft in soft return have promis'd  
Never to force her virtuous inclinations ;  
Yet who can tell, if from a brother's tongue,  
She hear your virtues prais'd, your love approv'd,  
How far his influence, employ'd with art,  
May gain upon her coyness.

T.O.A.

E c

*Olindo.*

*Olindo.* O how kind  
Are you, Amantia ! thus with pleasing hopes  
To flatter me to ease ; but ah, I fear !

*Amantia.* Banish that fear ;-- it is a foe to  
peace-- To love--to happiness ; and in its place  
Let tender hopes succeed--they spur the mind,  
And fire the soul to great and worthy acts,  
Which, by the pow'r of their own heat, can melt  
That ice of coyness which surrounds the hearts  
Of bashful virgins. I must now retire  
To meet Aristo ; 'tis th' appointed hour.

May gracious Heav'n my best endeavours bless,  
And crown your passion with deserv'd success.

*End of the FIRST ACT.*

A C T

ALMODOVAR'S SOLOMIO. 33  
A TRAGEDY.

Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!  
Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!  
Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!

A C T II.

SCENE I. A Room, in OLINDO's House.

Enter AMANTIA, to her ARISTO.

HAIL, lovely Maid, whose charming presence,  
Returning health, reanimates my frame,  
And calls forth ev'ry power to taste of joy.  
O my Amantia, cou'd your gentle mind  
Conceive the tortures of a lover's heart,  
Divided from the object of his wishes,  
With hopes, and fears, and jealousies beset;  
Your pity, so diffusive, that takes in  
The very brute creation, cou'd not fail  
To plead in my behalf; or cou'd you know  
With what supreme delight your smiles can fill  
Aristo's faithful bosom; sure I am  
Your kind benevolence, that joys to give  
Felicity to all within your pow'r,  
Wou'd now suggest, a blest occasion offers  
(By yielding to the soft request of love)  
To purchase that unspeakable delight,  
Which none but gen'rous breasts like your's can  
feel.

Amantia. I am a plain and simple maid, Aristo,  
Unpractic'd in the arts of affectation:

E c 2

What

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What my heart thinks I blush not to reveal ;  
I have not learn'd, with well-dissembled frowns,  
To feign disdain where most my heart approves ;  
And when by virtue, honour, merit woo'd,  
How can my eyes be blind to such desert ?  
Sue not for pity, then, when stronger pleas  
Urge me to just returns of love : your worth  
Best recommends the passion you profess.

*Aristo.* And am I then so blest to be approv'd  
By you, O best and loveliest of your sex !  
Here let me kneel, and thank you for your good-  
ness, And seal this vow upon your snowy hand.  
Sickness, misfortune, time, nor hoary age,  
Nor all the various accidents of life, Shall ever lessen my confirm'd esteem ;  
But my blest days shall be all spent in proofs Of gratitude and love, to make you happy. But when, my dear Amantia, will you deign To fix the birth-day of my future joys ?

*Amantia.* 'Tis true, Aristo, I confess'd your  
merit : Nay, more I'll own ; were I dispos'd to wed,  
You stand so fair in my heart's best esteem,  
That you wou'd little need to fear a rival.  
Let thus much yielded to desert content you :  
For know withal, my soul does not permit  
One thought to glance that way. Far,—far from  
me To plan out schemes of joy at such a season.

*Aristo.*

*Aristo.* What means, my love? What season  
talk you of?  
What tho' wars threat, and armies round our walls  
Display their ensigns? They are all our friends,  
Protect our holy faith, and conquer for us.  
Or dread you the disasters of a siege?  
Or does your fancy paint a taken town  
And all the insults of licentious bands,  
By vict'ry flush'd, and eager for their prey,  
With little diff'rence treating friends and foes?  
Then shall my arm protect you, and my life  
Be freely spent to shield you from th' approach  
Of ev'ry harm. Why then refuse your hand  
To him whose arm shall be your honour's guar-  
dian?

*Amantia.* 'Tis not, as you suppose, the time's  
distress,  
Approaching armies, and impending dangers,  
(Tho' these but ill agree with bridal scenes)  
That make me now decline the wedded state;  
But reasons of a widely diff'rent kind.

*Aristo.* What cruel reasons thus oppose my  
bliss?  
Dally not, dear Amantia, with my love,  
Nor cast me down at once from those fair hopes  
To which your goodness rais'd me; lest I fall  
From extasy to misery's lowest plunge.  
Far kinder had it been, had you disdain'd  
My love, and banish'd me for ever from you.  
They can't be wretchedest, who ne'er have known  
The taste of happiness.

*Amantia.*

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*Amantia.*

O calm your soul,  
Nor suffer tyrant passion to enslave  
Your nobler faculties. Can you suppose,  
Without just reason, I wou'd give you pain;  
Or lightly trifle with your patience? No;  
The thought were too injurious to my honour.  
Whenever, like the vain-ones of my sex,  
Have I been seen to practice wanton arts,  
Or mean deceits? far other is my conduct,  
And hurt by your suspicion. Know, Aristo,  
That I have reasons of the greatest weight,  
On which my resolution firmly stands,  
The sacred ties of vows, with gratitude,  
And just affection join'd, forbid me yield  
To your impatient wish, and make my heart  
Insensible to joy, tho' not to love.

*Aristo.*

I stand reprov'd;  
Pardon, bright excellence, th' imprudent warmth  
Of love presumptuous made by your indulgence;  
And I will henceforth strive to copy you,  
In all its tenderness without its rage.  
Hence will I hear with patience what I dread,  
~~And tho'~~ each word be poison to my hopes,  
Yield calm submission to resistless fate.

*Amantia.* The end of love is joy; and how can  
joy

Dwell in one breast with grief? Yet wedded bo-  
soms,  
Mutual in both, shou'd equal shares divide,  
Were it not then unjust in me to bring  
A dow'r of sorrow for expected bliss?  
But I have vow'd that I will never wed,

Till

Till these black clouds of sorrow are dispers'd ;  
Which much indeed I fear will never be,

*Aristo.* Forbid it, Heav'n ! yet think you, my  
Amantia,  
Because unwed, I will not share your grief ?  
Wedlock's an outward form, a needful fence  
To save weak minds from fickleness of nature.  
But not thence flows the gen'rous sympathy,  
Which makes us feel another's joys or woes  
More than our own : but from a noble flame  
Kindled in kindred minds by some bright spark  
Of heavenly perfection, which will burn,  
Tho' unsupplied with fire from Hymen's torch,  
Nor can be quench'd by the salt streams of sorrow.  
Yet tell me, lovely Maid, from whom my soul  
Must all her happiness or woe derive,  
From whence these griefs, which thus oppress your  
heart ?

*Amantia.* Have you not late observ'd Olindo's  
brow  
With sullen cares depress'd, his wonted mirth  
By sighs supplanted, and his health-flush'd cheek  
(Th' effect of virtuous regularity)  
How chang'd ! to pale and wan, wasted with grief,  
Which reason cannot conquer ?

*Aristo.* What the cause  
Of this sad change can be, I cannot guess.  
That he is chang'd, I have with grief observ'd,  
And oft with friendly chearfulness have sought  
To drive the meagre phantom from his breast ;  
But all in vain ; I fear he meditates

Some

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Some dang'rous scheme to aid Prince Godfrey's  
host  
In the deliv'rance of our holy church :  
But why from me, his friend, he shou'd conceal  
Intentions I am bound to wish success,  
Dissolves that fear, and I am lost in doubts.

*Amantia.* It would be needless to repeat to you  
The precious obligations that I owe him :  
For you have been a witness to his kindness.  
Judge then yourself, how base wou'd be the deed,  
Shou'd I, with cold indifference to his interests,  
And, it might seem, in mock'ry of his sorrow,  
Untimely yield to happiness without him,  
And while sharp griefs upon his vitals prey,  
Be gaily rev'ling at my bridal feast.  
Were I not thus unworthy your esteem ?  
Or could I hope from you those just returns  
Of love, I had refus'd my brother ?

*Aristo.* Heav'n's !  
And must I then pronounce against myself ?  
Yet, O too perfect for a mortal state !  
How do your virtues call for new esteem !  
And thus by strange perverseness in my fate,  
You more enflame me by a cold denial,  
And while you check my hopes, increase my love.  
Beauty *must* fade, and passion *may* be pall'd,  
But gratitude has charms to bind the soul  
In silken cords to everlasting truth.  
But cou'd not you, Amantia, guess the cause  
From whence his griefs proceed ? perhaps when  
known  
They might be cur'd, and we might all be happy.

*Amantia*

*Amantia.* Too well, indeed, I know the fatal cause.

By vows and tears, and ev'ry moving art,  
I wrung th' unwilling secret from his tongue.  
'Tis love, restless love, on reason's base  
Strong built, yet hopeless.

*Aristo.* What shy maid,  
Of beauty vain, and blind to shining merit,  
Can be so far a foe to her own bliss,  
As to refuse Olindo's tender suit?

*Amantia.* Nor vain of beauty, nor to merit  
blind,  
Suppose the maid, unconscious of her charms,  
(Her mind intent alone on heav'nly love)  
In humble pray'r and holy transports wrapt,  
Hath neither eye, nor ear, for mortal passion;  
What then must be the wretched lover's case?

*Aristo.* Too faithful is the portrait you have  
drawn,  
And bears too great resemblance of Sophronia.  
Oh that the picture were not quite so true,  
Or any were her lover but Olindo!  
But see my sister unexpected comes:  
Haste in her steps, her tresses discompos'd;  
Whate'er the meaning be, her coming here  
Seems lucky; I will plead, in distant hints,  
My friend Olindo's cause.

*Enter Sophronia.*

*Sophronia.* Alas, my Brother!—  
O my Amantia!—O my much lov'd friends!—  
Sad news I bring to shock your pious ears.  
Our temple is defil'd—the holy Virgin  
Torn from her shrine by sacrilegious hands,  
And forc'd away to Mah'met's hated mosque.

*Aristo.* Sad news indeed, and full as strange as  
fad.  
What hand so bold to dare the impious deed,  
And trembled not, lest the avenging bolt  
Should crush him in the fact? or to what end  
Coul'd this mad violence be perpetrated?

*Sophronia.* What dares not royal tyranny  
perform?  
As, at the wonted hour of ev'ning pray'r,  
I paid my tribute to th' Almighty pow'r,  
The King approach'd amidst a num'rous guard;  
And with him one, whose meagre form, sunk eyes  
And grizly front, struck, as he pass'd along,  
The gazing crowd with horror: on they rush'd,—  
Enter'd the secret vault,—and straitway seiz'd  
The holy Virgin's image. All amaz'd,  
The rev'rend priests forbade the impious theft;  
Anathema's pronouncing on the man  
That dar'd persist in such bold sacrilege.  
The harden'd Monarch scornfully reply'd,  
I only mean to try, if she to whom  
You pray for succour, can defend herself;

If

If not, how think you she can save your lives,  
Who rashly dare oppose my Sov'reign will?  
With that the guards bore off the sacred prize  
To Mah'met's temple, while our weeping  
Christians  
At distance follow'd, lest the cruel King  
His sacrilege with murder shou'd confirm.

*Aristo.* Methinks in this I see the hand of  
Heav'n,  
Which but permits him to proceed a while  
In daring guilt, till he has made compleat  
The measure of his crimes, and our oppressions,  
Then shall th' Almighty pow'r, in whom we trust,  
Uplift his vengeful arm, redress our wrongs,  
And pour on the remorseless tyrant's head  
Torrents of swift destruction.

*Sopronia.* Sure your words  
Are with prophetic fervor spoke. Methinks  
They fill my soul with comfort, and I feel  
Sweet peace returning to my troubled breast.  
O thou supreme disposer of events, [Kneeling.  
Who out of weightiest misery can't raise  
Sublimest joy, if thou wilt kindly deign,  
By mighty Godfrey's holy arms, to save  
Thy son's devoted servants from the hand  
Of cruel tyranny, my grateful tongue  
Shall never cease, in solemn sounds harmonious,  
To celebrate the wonders of thy mercy.  
Youth's vig'rous bloom I'll thankfully employ  
In ev'ry sacrifice of pure devotion:  
In ceaseless pray'r, and praise, and holy alms,  
Evn feeble age shall its best tribute pay. [Rises.

*Amantia.* Excuse me, dear Sophronia, while  
I go  
To seek Olindo, and make known to him  
The fatal news of this bold sacrilege. [Exit.]

*Aristo.* 'Tis said, Sophronia, that Prince Godfrey's host  
Will by to morrow's noon approach the city,  
And that Argantes, a most furious Lord,  
Whose impious rage regards not God, or man,  
By Egypt's Sultan sent on embassy,  
To stop the progress of the Christian host,  
And breathing vengeance, urges on the King  
To courses desp'rate, which 'tis like will end  
In his own ruin, and our preservation.

*Sophronia.* Grant, Heav'n, the latter! but I  
would not wish  
Ruin to any, tho' my greatest foe.  
Such charity sublime our faith enjoins.  
But if the course of Providence ordains  
That he must fall to free our holy church,  
May some bright ray of Heav'n's all-saving grace  
Point out to his departing soul his crimes,  
And shew him, with repentance true, to call  
On that blest rock, which, in the dreadful day,  
Of God's avenging justice, can alone  
Cover his black offences from the eye  
Of wrath almighty, that his body's ruin  
May work the preservation of his soul.

*Aristo.* If, my Sophronia, Heav'n from us ex-  
pect

Such

Such charity for those, who in rank hate  
Seek our destruction ; what must be the due  
Of those kind friends, who, out of pure esteem,  
Wou'd hazard life and fortune for our love ?

*Sophronia.* Such love, indeed, we have experienced all  
From our fond parents, and such love I trust  
Aristo bears his sister : such I'm sure  
Sophronia bears her brother ; and such love  
Is due to all who bear the same to us.

*Aristo.* In parents bosoms, and in brethrens too,  
Where virtue dwells, nature such love implants.  
But some there are, who free from ties of blood,  
Fir'd with esteem of what they deem desert,  
Conceive within their gen'rous breasts a flame  
Pure, chaste and holy, and of fiercer fort  
Than that which parents bear their dearest child ;  
Sure such as this demands a great return.

*Sophronia.* You speak, my brother, of that  
flame, I guess,  
You bear Amantia, and I do not doubt  
But she will well repay your gen'rous love.

*Aristo.* Suppose, Sophronia, some deserving  
youth  
Whose merit was unquestionable, such  
As is Olindo, fair Amantia's brother,  
Were in my place, and you were in Amantia's ;  
Cou'd you refuse a passion so devout ?

*Sophro-*

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*Sophronia.* Love is a case too intricate, Aristo,  
For me to judge of; 'tis a theme on which  
I never studied, and 'tis my intent,  
If noble Godfrey's arms shou'd prove successful,  
Within some holy cloyster to devote  
My days to Heav'n in virgin innocence.

*Aristo.* But why, my dear Sophronia, shou'd  
you judge  
Heav'n would with such a sacrifice be pleas'd?  
Wou'd it not be, by such misguided step,  
To frustrate the intent of your creation?  
When Heav'n in its own image first vouchsaf'd  
To form our gen'ral parent, tho' sole lord  
Of all his eyes beheld, unblest he saw  
The unveil'd beauties of the blooming earth.  
Fitted for social converse, he disdain'd  
A pleasure not to be communicated.  
Give me, he cried, great Father of the World,  
A fellow mind. Indulgent to his pray'r,  
The first bright maid arose, of him a part,  
With all her charms, to be to him restor'd.  
Heav'n blest the sacred union with increase,  
And instituted thence the nuptial tye.

*Sophronia.* What needs such reas'ning on a case  
that hangs  
On nought but supposition? Yet, my brother,  
The holy books, whence all my learning flows,  
Command my charity to all mankind  
As far as in my pow'r, but not beyond;  
And conjugal affection must be felt,  
Or how can we bestow a thing we have not?

Let

Let those who feel a mutual disposition  
To taste the joys of wedlock's honour'd state,  
Join and be happy ; but for me, I wish  
No greater pleasure than celestial love  
Can yield. My views, exalted far above  
Earth's fading beauties, shall enflame my soul.  
With extasies as far beyond the joys  
Of earthly lovers, as the glorious beams  
Of Heav'n's all-cheering sun exceed in light  
The wretched twinkling of a midnight taper.

*Aristo.* Far be it from Aristo to dissuade  
His sister's soul from such sublime pursuits.  
But if, my dear Sophronia, I can prove,  
That, with mistaken zeal, you shun the means  
Of rend'ring to high Heav'n the greatest honour,  
Will you renounce the error you embrace ?

*Sophronia.* Convince me, brother, it can be an  
error  
To love that pow'r to whom myself I owe,  
With all the veh'mence of respectful passion  
The frame of mortal beings can sustain,  
And to devote this vessel pure and holy,  
Made of his own rich metal (richer far  
Than unadul'trate gold) to his own use,  
With dross of earthly passion unpolluted ;  
I say, convince me this can be an error,  
And to your wiser judgment I will bend,

*Aristo.* I know thy zeal is warm as that of  
angels.  
And cannot brook the shadow of an error ;  
But reason at the best is prone to err.

For

For what did Heav'n that lovely vessel form,  
Of workmanship so exquisite ; adorn'd  
With graces numberless, and sweet attracts,  
Commanding from the gazer's fix'd regard,  
Wonder, esteem, and love ? for some wise end,  
No doubt.--But why so lavish of those gifts,  
If useless meant to fade in cloyster'd walls?  
In acts of praise and pray'r, the outward form  
Imports not : the great Maker's eye is not  
To beauty partial like the sons of earth ;  
Where then its use ? could it be meant alone  
To raise in man's weak breast a painful wish,  
Destructive of his peace, if not accomplish'd,  
And if accomplish'd, to betray his soul ?  
Heav'n's works all tend to good, and none to  
harm,  
But when misus'd. As well might we suppose  
The spacious sea, with all her num'rous train  
Of tributary streams, with finny stores  
Abounding, which within her womb opaque,  
Coral and pearl matures, off'ring her back  
To bear the mariner to distant climes,  
Where gems, and gold, and ev'ry precious fruit,  
Reward th' advent'ers toil ; as well, I say,  
We might suppose the sea was only form'd  
To tempt us to be shipwreck'd, not increase  
The number of our blessings, as suppose  
Beauty was only made so heav'nly bright  
To tempt us to transgression. No, my sister ;  
The lovely vessel, woman, was adorn'd  
With all the soft embellishments of nature,  
To raise in man the best of passions, Love.  
A passion so contriv'd by all-wise Pow'r,  
That while from thence we prove the purest bliss  
Earth

Earth can afford, we do the work of Heav'n,  
And raise up souls to honour the Creator.  
Then who shall dare to call chaste Love pollution,  
Thus privileg'd and honour'd, and for which  
Bright beauty first was giv'n ?

*Sophronia.* That what you urge  
Is beauty's use, I mean not to deny,  
And am convinc'd I err'd when I presum'd  
To call that passion dross, which Heav'n is pleas'd  
T' appoint the spring of life, and new creation ;  
Yet can I not conceive, it is a crime  
For one whose heart is not inclin'd to love,  
Nor ever felt the motions of desire,  
To fly from all the vanities of life,  
Its num'rous troubles, and more num'rous snares,  
In holy walls, with unmolested peace,  
To spend her destin'd hours in conq'ring Sin,  
Contemplating the heav'nly perfections,  
And fitting her immortal soul for bliss.  
Shou'd such retire, enough there still remain,  
Who willingly prevent the ills you fear.  
Enough there are, who place their highest joy  
In earthly love. To multiply mankind  
Be theirs the task.

*Ariosto.* Again you err, my sister;  
If none but those shou'd wed, whose idle souls  
Think not of Heav'n ; with what a wretched race  
Wou'd earth be stock'd ? What ! shall the barren  
thorn  
Nourish the grape, whilst the luxuriant vine,  
By nature fitted for the glorious task,

G g Spends

Spends all her fertile sap in useless arms,  
Extended high to Heav'n, as if to mock it ?

*Sopbronia.* Mistake me not, I readily confess  
The best are ever fittest to be wed ;  
But where the inclination is averse ? —

*Aristo.* Ah trust not, sister, to a fond delusion.  
What tho' your heart has never felt as yet  
The tender thrillings of a chaste desire ;  
How shou'd it, when perversely you withdraw  
Your eyes from ev'ry object form'd to raise it ?  
Tho' of a rougher make, man lacks not charms  
To fill a female breast with equal joys  
To those she gives : and if you not refuse  
To hear the man of merit when he pleads,  
I doubt not, you will find desire approach  
Insensibly, as when i' th' earthly dawn  
The twilight rises. And, believe me, sister,  
Nature is seldom frustrate of her end.  
Shou'd you some years, with pious prejudice  
And heat of zeal, be able to expel  
Her wonted sentiments, perhaps too late,  
Nature returning may with sharp remorse  
Lament past vows irrevocable, and  
Untimely feel those passions which before  
Were but suspended, never overcome.  
In time beware then.

*Sopbronia.* Brother, I will weigh  
The reas ons you have urg'd, and trust to Heav'n  
For guidance to perform its sacred will.

*Aristo.*

*Aristo.* 'Tis late, Sophronia, let us now retire.  
May gentle spirits watch around thy bed,

To shield thy tender innocence from harm,  
And balmy sleep renew each blooming charm.

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Palace.*

*The KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, ISMENO, and Attendants.*

KING.

'T IS best, my Lords, that we in person see  
 Our Royal will perform'd ; the gates se-  
 cur'd.  
 With massy bolts ; the springs, that with their  
 streams  
 Refresh the neighb'ring meads, with deadly bane  
 Impregnated, and whatsoe'er may serve  
 The foe destroy'd ; with fire the suburbs wasted,  
 And the thick woods, thro' which the foe must  
 pass,  
 With men in ambush lin'd, whose secret shafts  
 May gall the enemy in their advance.

*Argantes.* Let royal Aladine but loose this arm,  
 I'll make such havock of these sons of rapine,  
 Hell's entrance shall regorge with Christian souls.

*King.* Ha ! who comes here ? a messenger ;  
 what tidings ?

*Enter*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Messenger.* From Sion's tow'r, dread fire, the foe  
is seen  
Thro' clouds of dust, which like thick smoke  
ascend,  
Black'ning the sky, while from their burnish'd  
shields  
The rising sun's reflected rays shoot forth,  
Like sheets of pointed flame.

*Ismeno.* And let them come ;—  
Tho' they were arm'd indeed with fires from hell.  
We shou'd not need to start at their approach.  
Believe me, fire, no danger can prevail,  
Whilst in your mosque secure that image lies.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

*King.* What news bring you ?

*Messenger.* The enemy, dread fire,  
Measures the short'ning way with such quick  
strides,  
As if they meant to take us by surprize.  
The leaders gallop foremost, void of fear ;  
So great their number, that they make alone  
A formidable host ; the foll'wing troops  
Past counting, overflow the scant horizon.

*Argantes.* The more to die ! by Mahomet, I  
swear,  
The youthful hero's bride, with less impatience  
Waits the return of her victorious Lord,  
Than I to meet these blust'rers.

*Orcano.* Might I wish,  
I'd wish them back to *Europe*, tho' 'twere sure  
We shou'd have fortune equal to your hopes.  
Thus wou'd the lives of thousands be preserv'd,  
Destin'd on both sides to a bloody grave.

*King.* Back to your Officers, and bid 'em haste  
To execute their orders, lest the foe  
Outstrip them in their zeal. Lose not a moment.

[*Exeunt Messengers.*]

*Ismeno,* we rely upon thy wisdom,  
And as we have proceeded hitherto  
By thy advice, wou'd farther know of thee  
How we shall act against th' approaching foe.

*Ismeno.* Keep close within your walls, and let  
*Argantes,*  
Whose valour boils within his hardy breast,  
With some few Knights and men of fearless souls,  
Who thirst for glorious veng'ance, when arriv'd,  
In unexpected sallies fall upon them,  
And chiefly level the sharp edge of war  
Against their most distinguish'd officers;  
For one of them is more than worth a squadron  
Meanwhile securely keep the sacred image,  
And length of time will wear their forces out.

*King.*

King. Did all the Christians in the city join  
To move the image, 'twere a vain attempt,  
So strong a guard we've plac'd. And see here  
comes

The Warden of the Temple.

Enter Warden.

'Tis, no doubt,  
To inform us of it's safety—ha! [to the Warden.  
I do not like thy looks, thy tardy step,  
Pale cheeks, and trembling hands betray thy fear.  
Say, is the image safe? Better, if not,  
Thy coward soul had ne'er with useless strength  
Supplied thy carcase; which shall soon be made  
Food for the dogs; creatures of nobler kind,  
More courage, more fidelity than thou.  
Why speak'st thou not, base reptile, ere my sword  
Put speech out of thy power.

Warden, kneeling. My royal Lord,  
Grant me but so much patience as to hear  
A brief account of this most strange event;  
And if you find—

King. Is then the image gone?

Warden. It is, dread sir; but when your royal ear  
Is well acquainted in how strange a manner—

King. Hence with thy tale and thy excuses  
both

To

To hell : they'll please the father of deceit.

[Offers to stab him.]

*Orcano, holding his arm.*

Pardon me, royal sire, but 'tis too rash,  
To sacrifice to rage an act of justice.  
Let me implore your mercy but to hear  
The criminal's defence : besides, 'twou'd be  
Too great an honour for a wretch like him,  
To die by that good sword, which ne'er was stain'd  
But with the blood of heroes in the field.

*King.* Ha ! who art thou that dar'st with rebel  
arm

Oppose thy Sov'reign's will ?

*Orcano.* Call not me Rebel,  
Who interpose to save you from the worst  
Of mortal enemies, fell rage, which prompts  
Your arm to perpetrate a cruel deed,  
Soon to be follow'd by a vain repentance,  
When cool reflection to your breast returns.

*Ismeno.* Most gracious sire, since death is silent,  
let

The wretch but live till he has told his tale ;  
Perhaps from thence we may discover who  
Have been th' offenders ; and let them be made  
Immediate victims of your just displeasure.

*King.* Speak, Traytor, but beware thy words  
be true.

For

For if there lurks within them foul suspicion  
Of fraud or falsehood, instant death's thy doom.

*Warden.* So Mah'met shield my life, as I will  
bear.

To truth regard most sacred in my tale,  
Howe'er incredible it sounds. Know then,  
The num'rous guard your Majesty had sent,  
Lin'd ev'ry avenue, nor on their post  
Were they disturb'd. The temple's spacious  
nave

Was fill'd with soldiers, who were not alarm'd :  
And at the entrance of the little cell,  
Where lay the image, there was plac'd a guard  
Of trusty officers, whose eyes nor ears  
Cou'd find out any reason for suspicion.  
Myself watch'd by it, and I hardly know  
If for a moment I had clos'd my eyes,  
When lo ! the image was remov'd, or vanish'd.

*King.* So 'twas by miracle convey'd away :  
Now for another miracle to save  
Thy life. Guards, apprehend this base impostor,  
And bear him hence, to instant execution.

*Warden.* Tyrant, if ought that I have said  
prove false,  
Heav'n prosper thee ; if not, may curses blast thee.

[Exit, carried off.

*Ismeno.* I much suspect this villain was a Christian,  
And to his brethren has betray'd his trust.

H h

Sup-

Suppose, dread fire, we thro' the streets proclaim,  
 That if within six hours the image stol'n  
 Be not again deliver'd to your pow'r,  
 No Christian eye within this spacious town  
 Shall see to-morrow's dawn ; no, not a babe's ;  
 But all their treach'rous race shall be destroy'd.

*King.* Your counsel pleases me ; it must be done.

What says, Argantes ?

*Argantes.* Th' image, royal sir,  
 Dwells not within my mind---our best defence  
 Is our good swords ; I never lik'd this spell.  
 But since it has produc'd a fair pretence  
 To let loose our revenge upon the Christians,  
 I like it better.

*King.* Now Orcano, say  
 Must we still tamely bear their insolence ?

*Orcano.* First know'tis theirs, and then proceed  
 to punish,

*Argantes.* Whether it be or no, what matters  
 it ?

You know they are your foes, and in your power,  
 And fit it is you use it ; not, like fools,  
 By ill-tim'd lenity lose brave revenge.  
 Is this a time, when raging armies, flush'd  
 With rapid conquests, thunder at your gates,  
 In wise debates to preach away the hours :  
 Or where's the policy to keep an hostage

When

When 'tis a folly but to entertain  
A thought of friendly terms with deadly foes ?  
Think not of terms; rely upon despair.  
The time calls loud for action ; and revenge  
Is the best spur to great and warlike acts.  
Indulge it then ; this taste of Christian blood  
Shall flesh your soldiers to the future combat,  
And animate their hearts to hostile action.

*King.* I swear by Allah, I will not be tame.  
Argantes, thou thyself shalt see it done.  
Be it forthwith thro' all our streets proclaim'd,  
If in six hours the image be not found,  
And to our royal purposes restor'd ;  
Revenge shall gorge her snakes with Christian  
blood. [Exeunt.]

Enter Olindo and Aristo.

*Aristo.* Now by the love I bear your charming  
sister,  
In whom, next Heav'n, I place all hopes of bliss,  
I will not let Sophronia rest, till she  
Grant hearing to your suit ; I'll ply her close  
With ev'ry argument of strong persuasion,  
That ardent love and friendship can suggest.

*Olindo.* Aristo, to your friendship I must owe  
More than my pow'r can pay ; but tell me, friend,  
Against the supposition that you urg'd,  
What were her arguments ?

*Aristo.* Her chief was this :

H h 2

How

236 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

How cou'd she yield affection to a man  
For whom she felt it not?

*Olindo.* Alas! too true!  
O cou'd I but perform some glorious deed,  
To make me in her lovely eye conspicuous,  
Danger with longing arms I wou'd embrace,  
And venture life well pleas'd, to gain her love.

*Aristo.* Why needs my friend by death or  
danger seek  
To signalize his worth? in reason's eye  
A mind by ev'ry manly grace possess'd,  
And pious fortitude, to fight alone  
Virtue's deserted battles, 'gainst the powers  
(In flow'ry ambush hid) of pomp and pleasure,  
And th' open foe of threat'ning persecution,  
Must far outshine the vain, the dazz'ling glare  
Of brutal courage, oftnest exercis'd  
By men who merit shame instead of praise:  
Of these, my friend, each action of your life  
Has giv'n full proof, nor is Sophronia's eye  
A stranger to your merit; she but wants  
(Her soul absorb'd in heav'nly contemplation)  
To be reminded she is yet a woman;  
And she may soon exchange a just esteem  
For the more pleasing sweets of mutual love.

*A confused noise of crying and lamentation is heard without.*

*Olindo.* What new oppression to these cries  
give birth?

It

It seems the voice of horror and despair,  
And moves this way ; my private griefs be hush'd,  
When public sorrows call for my attention,  
Perhaps require my aid.

*Enter a confus'd croud of Christians, making great lamentation.*

*First Christian.* O ye brave props—  
Ye valiant champions of our holy church,  
Olindo and Aristo !  
Ye oft have stem'd the torrent of oppression—  
O save us now—our wives---our children save—  
Your rev'rend parents, and your sacred faith,  
From this last ruin, which involves us all.

*Olindo.* What mean these bitter cries ? or  
whence proceeds  
This danger, so immediate and so fatal ?

*Second Christian.* Th' enraged King, on losing the  
blest image,  
By Heav'n recover'd from his impious hands,  
Has thro' the town proclaim'd ; if in six hours  
It be not to his royal power restor'd,  
No Christian eye within these spacious walls  
Shall see to-morrow's dawn ; no, not a babe's.

*First Christian.* We have no friends, alas ! but  
Heav'n and you.  
Already is our bloody foe, Argantes,  
From ev'ry quarter must'ring up his troops,

Im-

238 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

Impatient watching till the time expire :  
As beasts of prey, that watch the setting sun,  
To glut their horrid maws with life-warm blood.

*Second Christian.* Oft have ye been Heav'n's  
worthy instruments,  
To save us from the tyrant's wicked will :  
O let our danger now rouze up your souls  
To some untry'd expedient—see, our wives  
With rooted hair, loud shrieks, and frantic grief  
Express their deep despair--our hapless virgins  
Of all their wonted ornaments disrob'd,  
With their sharp nails despoiling their own beauty,  
And staining their white breasts with blood and  
tears.  
Our helpless infants with contagious sorrow.  
Draining their tender eyes, they know not why.

*First Christian.* If there is ought that you  
esteem more dear  
Than friends--and parents--or ev'n life itself :  
If mighty love has touch'd your manly breasts--  
Oh think you see the darlings of your eyes--  
Your heart's fond wish--and rapture of your souls--  
Drag'd on the ground--and torn with ghastly  
wounds--  
Perhaps the brutal dogs may think it much  
To let them die with innocence unmarr'd.

*Olindo.* No more, my friends--I cannot bear  
to hear it--  
You harrow up my soul--but how can we  
Who share alike your danger and distress,  
Or fave ourselves or you--cou'd my own life

Ap-

Appease the angrytyrant--witness Heav'n,  
The wretch with famine pinch'd wou'd with less  
joy  
Resign his gold, for life-sustaining bread.

*Enter Amantia and Sophronia.*

*Amantia.* Oh ! my lov'd brother !--parent--  
friend,--Olindo !

And you, Aristo, whom my heart shall own,  
Without a blush, the next in my esteem !  
How have I sought you thro' the mourning croud,  
Lest the fierce sword, that now is almost drawn,  
Shou'd stop my passage to your friendly arms ;  
Where let me hang, and with disdainful smile,  
I'll mock the tyrant's power, and laugh at death !

*Aristo.* Perish ten thousand tyrants, ere those  
eyes

That feed my soul with life, be clos'd in death.  
With just revenge, despair, and potent love,  
(Armour impregnable) I'll meet the foe,  
And like the Cherubim with flaming sword,  
From impious hands I'll guard my tree of life.

*Olindo.* Nobly resolv'd ! thou more than dearest  
friend,

Thou brother of my soul ! with thee I'll join :  
And you, my fellow Christians, and my friends,  
Whose int'rests, hope and fears, are link'd with  
ours ;

Bravely unite, and let us lead you on  
To deeds, that when in future annals read,

He-

240 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

Heroes shall emulate, and tyrant Kings  
Turn pale at the recital ; then, if Heav'n  
Decree our present fall, let us resign  
Our souls to him, who can with endless bliss  
O'erpay the transient suff'rings we endure.  
Haste then, my brethren, gather all our friends  
Within the holy temple ; there t' implore  
Heav'n's kind assistance in that needful hour ;  
There will we meet your force, and lead you on  
To Christian liberty, or Martyrs' thrones.

*First Christian.* We go, brave youths, and  
with such valiant leaders  
We will not yet despair of blest deliv'rance.  
Our cause be for us, and th' Almighty's aid.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

*Aristo.* O my Sophronia—O my much lov'd  
sister—  
And thou, Amantia, mistress of my soul—  
How does your danger rend my anxious heart  
With tortures inconceivable ?—to me  
The wretch expiring on the cruel wheel  
Is happy :—for he feels—but for himself ;  
And knows his pains will shortly end :—his soul  
(Sordid and lost to ev'ry virtuous tye ;—  
Of ev'ry tender delicate sensation  
Void as the senseless brute ;) can never know  
What complicated pangs afflict the breasts  
Of brothers—friends—and lovers.

*Sophronia.* Patience, Aristo, and calm resigna-

nation

To

To Heav'n's all-wise decrees, like precious balms,  
 Asswage the sharpest pangs of virtuous minds;  
 And sorrows rising from the holy fount  
 Of social tenderness, do with them bring  
 A consciousness of inward merit, that  
 With secret satisfaction gently blends,  
 And overpays the pains they make us suffer.

*Aristo.* Thy pious heart, Sophronia, that ne'er  
 felt

The force of love's fierce passion, well may preach  
 Patience and resignation to those ills  
 Thou can't not even gues at. Maid,—I tell thee,  
 Did half the passion that enflames my heart  
 For fair Amantia's charms, distract thy breast,  
 For some deserving youth, in danger plac'd  
 Equal to ours; like me thou'dst tear thy hair,—  
 Beat thy afflicted breast—and stamp the ground,—  
 And fly for ease to madness.—O Amantia,—  
 Each crimson drop that paints thy lovely cheek  
 Is far—far dearer to my faithful heart,  
 Than the whole mass that animates this frame.

*Amantia.* Think not, Aristo, that my heart  
 than your's  
 Groans with less anguish for my dearest friends :  
 Nor think, so high I prize this worthless life,  
 That I wou'd wish to shun a fate, in which  
 Theirs were involved ; but shou'd I wildly rave,  
 With fury knash my teeth, and loudly rend  
 The vaulted firmament with piteous cries ;  
 What wou'd it all avail ? this useless rage  
 Wou'd but confess a weakness in my breast,  
 My soul disdains to stoop to.

242 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

*Aristo.* O Amantia,  
How just is your reproof! your bright example  
Shall to calm reason's pow'r restore my mind,  
And check all vain expressions of just rage.  
Hence will I vent no more in fruitless plaints  
The lab'ring of my soul, but rush to arms,  
And at the head of our devoted people,  
Redeem your lives from this impending danger,  
Or dearly sell the vict'ry to the foe.

*Olindo.* O thou whose penetrating eye surveys  
The secret caverns of the human heart,  
And there in letters, bright as mid-day suns,  
Read'st all our thoughts, past, present, or to come;  
If I have striv'n, altho' with fault'ring steps,  
To tread religion's ever sacred paths,  
Propitious hear my pray'r, and grant this boon.  
I ask not length of days, nor honour's plume,  
Nor fortune's boasted gift, pernicious wealth,  
Nor what the fond mistaken world calls pleasure:  
But by some glorious act (in life or death  
Alike to me) from this destructive blow  
To save my fellow Christians, and my friends.

*Sophronia.* Illustrious youth! may Heav'n  
your generous zeal! With mortal and immortal bliss reward!  
Virtues like your's, I trust, were never form'd  
As ornaments to death, & with swift wing'd glory  
But just to strike the eye, like falling stars,  
And sink into oblivion.

*Olindo.*

*Olindo.* Beauteous Saint,  
Cease thus to lavish, on a worthless object,  
Praises might make celestial bosoms glow.  
Ah, my Sophronia ! cou'd my death redeem  
Your valu'd life from this impending stroke,  
I shou'd esteem it a reward beyond  
The little merit I cou'd ever boast.

Pardon me, lovely maid : but since perhaps  
This moment is the last, my doating eyes  
May ever gaze upon your matchless charms ;  
Perhaps the last, my ravish'd ears may draw  
Harmonious wisdom from those heav'ly lips ;  
Permit me to unload my lab'ring heart,  
Which conscious of its own demerit, long  
Has felt the silent pangs of hopeless passion.

*Sophronia.* Is this a time, Olindo, when the  
wrath  
Of angry heav'n, has set us on the verge  
Of death's dread precipice, to waste the hours,  
Perhaps the moments only we have left,  
With idle tales, and fooleries of love ?  
Drive from your breast such weak and ill-tim'd  
thoughts ;  
They ill agree with that heroic wish  
That spoke the native greatness of your soul.  
Farewell, Olindo, and on this rely,  
Your virtues I will honour, and your weakness  
Shall not preserve a place in my remembrance.

[ Exit.

*Olindo.* Alas ! she's fled—and with her all my  
hopes.—  
O had I died in silence !—then had I

L i 2

Ne'er

444 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

Ne'er lost her dear esteem--but now she thinks me  
A worthless wretch---beneath her kind remem-  
brance--

O my fond tongue ! how cou'dst thou thus betray  
Thy master's interest ?--Scarce can reason keep  
My vengeful hand from doing justice on thee.  
O I cou'd tear thee up by th' roots ;--for thou  
Can'st ne'er, by any future services,  
Redeem the harm thou'st done me.

*Amantia.* Why, Olindo,  
Will you misconstrue what was kindly meant ?  
But lovers ever make their own misfortunes.  
She did not blame your passion, but the time  
Of your revealing it. Nay, she left room  
(Large room indeed) for hope ; since she declar'd  
Your virtues she wou'd honour, and what more  
Cou'd you expect in favour of your passion ?  
Then rouzé up ev'ry spark of manly virtue,  
And let her see the hero in your actions ;

And trust me, brother, you will shortly prove  
Esteem in Woman is allied to love,

[*Exeunt.*

*End of the THIRD ACT.*

A C T

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. SOPHRONIA, *sola.*

SURE Heav'n itself inspires the happy thought !  
 To save the lives of all my fellow Christians--  
 My aged parents--and my much lov'd brothers--  
 With that illustrious youth's who nobly wish'd  
 To sacrifice his own, to save his friends--  
 O, 'twas a noble wish !--but the blest lot  
 Heav'n has reserv'd for me--and for the boon  
 My dying breath shall be pour'd out in thanks.  
 To die ?--what is it--to the Christian soul,  
 Fir'd with the prospect of eternal bliss ?  
 What is it--but by means of one short pang  
 To change this painful--this precarious life,  
 Where vice and folly poisons all our joys  
 And persecuted virtue roams distress'd :  
 For one--to whose least pleasures earth's short  
 transports  
 Seem pitied ravings of a frantic brain :--  
 For one--whose infinite duration mocks  
 The scanty limits of ten thousand years ;  
 Where vice and folly, with their num'rous train  
 Of formidable ills, shall find no place ;  
 But virtue, tho' on earth distress'd and scorn'd,  
 Shall be exalted to a throne of glory ?  
 The Christian cannot die ; for when he quits  
 This mortal life--he triumphs o'er the grave,  
 Let Heathens shudder at the dark abyss,

Thro'

246 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

Thro' ign'rance of futurity,--while we  
Can with the eye of faith pierce thro' the gloom,  
And view the regions of eternal day.  
But while the pleasing contemplation wraps  
My soul in transports--I forget the time,  
The danger, and my friends. Quick to the King  
I'll haste, and prove the fortune of my purpose,  
Which, if heav'n prosper, shall to them procure  
Deliv'rance from destruction—and to me  
Ensure a glorious Immortality. (Exit.)

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

KING, ARGANTES, ORCANO, ISMENO, Guards,  
and Attendants.

*Argantes.* By heav'n, I've thought these six long  
tedious hours,  
Longer than sick mens nights groan'd out in an-  
guish,  
But now, thank Allah, they are just expir'd :  
And what delights me most, it seems they mean  
To stand in their defence, and for that end  
Are all together in their temple met.  
Not ev'n their women or their children absent.  
Olindo and Aristo, as I hear,  
Intend to head them--fame reports they're brave !  
They'll make the better sport--might I advise  
We'd fire the hive of these malicious wasps ;  
While with your gallant troops I will beset  
The temple gates, and give the precious knaves  
Freedom of choice--to die by sword, or fire.

*Enter.*

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Attendant.* If't please your Majesty, a Christian Maid,

Of noble air, and veil'd from curious eyes,  
Demands admittance; she pretends to have  
Some secret of importance to reveal  
Unto your royal ear.

*Argantes.* Admit her not--what, do the wretches think

Your Majesty so weak as to be mov'd  
By women's tears? her secret, I suppose,  
Is what each individual of her sex  
Is mistress of--the same have Crocodiles.

*Orcano.* Perhaps she may inform your highness where

The image is conceal'd; most likely 'tis,  
That is her secret; and grant heav'n it be!  
Since it may save your Majesty the crime  
Of shedding guiltless blood.

*King.* Whate'er it be.

My pleasure is to hear it.--Tell the maid,  
She shall have free admittance to our ear.

[*Exit ATTENDANT, and returns with Sophronia.*]

*King.* Argantes, view her well; tho' wintry age

Has snow'd upon this head, by heav'n I swear,  
Till now my wond'ring eyes have ne'er beheld

A form

248 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

A form so faultless, or a port so graceful. [aside.

Unhappy Maid, lay by thy needless fears,  
Unveil thy beauties, and approach unaw'd ;  
Nor doubt to meet a kind and gentle hearing.

*Sopronia.* I come, dread sir, to ease yo  
troubled breast

Of anxious doubt, by certain information,  
Who was th' unhappy wretch that boldly dar'd  
To steal the virgin's image from your guard.

*King.* Speak on, fair Christian, on our royal  
word,  
The smallest hair that shades thy matchless face  
Shall not be hurt ; no, not so much as ruffled.

*Sopronia.* A woman's life, great sir, I hold too  
mean  
To pay me for my secret ; nor is mine  
More in my estimation than another's.

*King.* Ask then, what thou wilt have, or wealth  
or honours ;  
Beauty like thine can hardly be deny'd.

*Sopronia.* Christians, O King, by holy lessons  
taught,  
Set not esteem on what is transitory :  
The riches that we covet are good works,  
Nor seek we honour from the breath of mortals,  
But from th' approving voice of heav'n and angels,  
Know then, that till you swear you will forgive  
The fated Christians, and pour all your rage  
On none but the offender, whom to you

I will

A TRAGEDY.

I will deliver ; promises nor threats  
Shall tear the secret from my faithful breast:

*Argantes.* Why then, might I presume t' advise  
your highness,  
Her stubborn heart shou'd still retain the secret,  
And she shou'd share the fate of all her friends.  
This arm I trust, shall do you better service  
Than a whole troop of lifeless images.  
But if your Majesty is still resolv'd  
To know this weighty matter, try what racks  
(For they are strong persuasives) can effect  
Upon the polish'd texture of her limbs.

*Sophronia.* Know, cruel Lord, that tho' my  
limbs betray  
A female tenderness, by faith enlarg'd,  
My soul is more than man ; and can, unmov'd,  
Look down on danger, racks, and dissolution.

*Orcano.* If e'er, dread Aladine, Orcano's  
counsel  
Prov'd not ungrateful to your royal ear,  
Let not the fierce Argantes' barb'rous words  
Prevail before the voice of godlike justice,  
Nor stain the honours of a mighty Prince  
With the opprobrious title of assassin.  
The Christian maid proposes what is just :  
For when th' offender's known, and in your pow'r,  
Why shou'd the innocent be made to suffer ?

*King.* It matters not,  
Just or unjust, I shall not weigh it now ;  
K k But

250 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA,

But for your beauty's sake I will descend  
To your own terms ; and if you make them good,  
By holy Mah'met I swear, my rage  
Shall single out the wretch that did the deed,  
And ev'ry other Christian shall be safe.

*Sopbronia.* First let me keel to heav'n in humble thanks. [Kneels.]

Now let Argantes bring his racks, and fires, [Rises.]

And ev'ry cruel instrument of death ;  
Or set his bloody faculties to work  
To find some exquisite, unheard of torture ;  
So cruel, that no monster but himself  
Shall dare the execution ; he shall see  
A willing victim meet his utmost rage :  
The wretch who dur'd from impious hands to snatch  
The sacred image, now avows the theft.

*King.* Who ?--were ?--what wretch ?--woman, thou talkest riddles.

*Sopbronia.* To speak more plainly then, know King, 'twas I.

*King.* Thou !--'tis most false--what ? dost thou mock my pow'r,  
And trifl with my rage ?--but have a care :--  
Think not thy charms (tho' they have found from  
me  
Too great indulgence) shall preserve thy life,  
When Majesty insulted calls for vengeance.

So-

*Sopronia.* My life I neither ask nor hope to  
save:  
But still repeat, 'twas I that stole the image.

*King.* It cannot be, my Lords, the fears of  
death  
Have overturn'd her brain--'tis palpable.  
Her tender soul, well suited to that soft  
Harmonious frame in which it is enclos'd,  
Has prov'd too weak to stand the sudden shock.

*Sopronia.* Your highness much mistakes, for  
death to me  
Is not the king of terrors, but an angel  
Which shall convey me to those realms of joy,  
Where never did proud tyrant enter.

*King.* Ha!  
Infulted by a woman--now, by heav'n,  
Too certainly thou dost provoke thy fate,  
And can't not miss that death thou art so fond of.  
But say--who counsel'd-- who assisted thee--  
To execute this purpose of thy soul?

*Sopronia.* This head, O King, was only my  
adviser,  
And these successful arms my sole assistants.  
Too much I priz'd the honour of the deed,  
To suffer any one to share it with me.

252 OLINDO and SOPHRONIA.

*King.* Then on that head shall all my fury  
light.  
But where hast thou conceal'd the hated Idol?

*Sophronia.* In holy flames consum'd : the  
sacred dust  
I scatter'd to the winds, which on their wings  
Mounted aloft, and mingled with the clouds,  
There only safe from sacrilegious pow'r.

*King.* Now, by the Prophet's tomb, thou hast  
pronounc'd  
Sentence against thyself : within this hour,  
Thy fair deceitful form, by flames consum'd,  
Shall mount in dust to join the hated image.  
Ismeno, to thy care (whose prudent breast,  
By age, and abstinence, and rev'rend wisdom,  
Has long been steel'd against the the pow'r of  
beauty)  
We trust the execution of our sentence :  
And to that end command our guards to yield  
You due submission.

*Ismeno.* I obey your Highness.  
Guards, bind the Christian maid, and bind her fast :  
While some of you prepare the fatal pile.

Enter OLINDO, hastily.

*Olindo.* Why will you urge my sword ?—  
oppose me not—

For

For by high heav'n I will have entrance—Ha!  
Soprónia bound!—ruffians, let go your hold—  
Or by our holy faith, your flinty souls  
Shall pay the fatal price of your refusal.

[He attacks the Guards, and is disarm'd.

*King.* What daring insult's this? and who art thou?  
Thus to intrude upon our royal presence,  
And aim at rescuing whom we doom to die?  
Nor is she doom'd by any partial judgment,  
Since in her own confession, she declares,  
That unassisted, unadvise'd, alone  
She stole away the image.

*Olindo.* She, great King!  
Believe her not, 'tis all an idle tale,  
Invented to deceive your highness' ear;  
And rob me of the glory of an act  
That I alone perform'd.

*Sopronia.* Unkind Olindo!  
Say, do my trembling limbs, or pallid cheeks,  
Betray uncomely fears; that thou shou'dst seek  
To snatch the martyr's glories from my head?  
But 'tis in vain;—'twas I perform'd the deed,  
And I alone shall reap the sacred honours.

*Olindo.* Alas! you see she raves—her feeble  
arms  
(Best fitting the soft purposes of love)  
cou'd

Cou'd they find sinews to uplift a weight  
 So massy and so cumbrous as the image ?  
 Or whence had she the sleight, from such a guard  
 To bear it off unseen ? her pow'r too short  
 Acquits her of the fact ; nor can I brook,  
 That a weak woman shou'd usurp from me  
 A death so glorious, and alone my due.  
 But lest your Majesty, being once deceiv'd,  
 Shou'd doubt the truth of what I now assert,  
 Know, that within your temple's spacious side,  
 Where the transparent glass admits the day,  
 (By fable night protected) I found means  
 To open wide a postern, whence with silence  
 I from the sleeping Wardens bore the prize.

*King.* Furies and Hell !—these Christians mad  
 my soul,  
 And, not contented with the trait'rous theft,  
 Add boasts, and insult too, and talk of death,  
 More as an object of desire than dread.  
 (And yet I know not how, but I perceive  
 My foolish heart, in spite of all my rage,  
 Pleads strong to save that haughty lovely maid :  
 But I will conquer it) insulters, cease (*Aside.*)  
 Your useless strife ; since both avow the fact,  
 Ye both shall die.

*Argantes.* Well has your Highness judg'd.  
 There spoke the voice of royalty :-- We'll see  
 If all this boasting mockery of death  
 Be more than empty words.

Or-

Orcano. ♀ Royal Sir !

King. Away !—I will not hear thee speak a word :  
Were Angels to descend and plead for mercy,  
Their eloquence shou'd not appease my rage.

Olindo., kneeling. Behold, dread sire, a suppliant  
at your feet,  
Unus'd to kneel, but to the King of Heav'n :  
Nor think by mean submission I attempt  
To mitigate your rage ; no, let it burn,  
But let its flame be all collected here,  
Where only it is just, upon my head.  
But if the voice of justice be too weak  
To plead my cause, let sov'reign beauty urge  
Its own resistless arguments—behold  
Those eyes, where ev'ry pow'rful glance emits  
Ten thousand nameless graces—view those  
cheeks,  
Where beauty, sweetness, innocence conjoin'd,  
Bloom with angelic charms ; those swelling orbs  
Form'd for the thrones of love and chaste delight :  
The savage tyger hunting for his prey,  
At sight of her wou'd lose his native fierceness,  
And fawn—and lick her feet : and wilt thou  
then,  
Who bear'st a royal form, be more a brute ?

King. By heav'n, he's touch'd me on the tend'rest  
string,

And

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And tun'd my soul to more than female softness.

(Aside.

*Sopronia.* O mighty Monarch, on my knees I  
beg,

Let not a madman's words provoke your anger,  
Or lead your royal judgment into error.  
His eyes are wild--his words and actions frantic :  
'Tis his distemper dictates all he says.  
Ah, punish not misfortune ! 'tis not crime.  
Here kneels the object of your just resentment ;  
Then satisfy your rage alone on me.

*King.* By Mecca's tomb, she pleads for him,--  
she loves him.

That binds my resolution fast, beyond  
The pow'r of heav'n and earth to loose--no more—  
Within two hours ye die—guards keep 'em safe.  
[Exeunt all but OLINDO, SOPHRONIA, and guards.

*Sopronia.* Unhappy man ! your ill-tim'd  
passion has  
Distress'd my very soul. What racks and flames  
But idly threat'ned, your more cruel love  
Has fataly effected. Why, Olindo,  
Cou'd you not let me die alone ? for then  
My soul contemplating on future joys,  
Had bless'd the pangs that wrought the happy  
change :

And all my dying moments had been smooth'd  
With the sweet thought of having saved the lives  
Of all my fellow Christians, and my friends.

And,

And, tho' I blush to own it, I confess  
The saving of Olindo's had not been  
The smallest of my consolations.

*Olindo.* Heav'n's !

And can it be—Olindo's worthless life  
Shou'd be the object of Sophronia's care ?  
Ah no ! it cannot be—and as you said,  
My brain is turn'd, and like some lunatic,  
What most my fond heart wishes, that I dream.  
But if indeed my ears are not deceiv'd,  
O blest them once again with those sweet sounds !  
Sweeter than Pardon's voice, or Angels songs.

*Sophronia.* If to your dying moments it can add  
The least of comfort, know, I shou'd have died  
Without one painful thought, had you been safe,

*Olindo.* Tho' you already have oblig'd my  
soul  
Beyond all measure, still have you the pow'r  
To add to infinite : O kindly say,  
If heav'n had blest us both with longer life,  
And happier times, you wou'd not have refus'd  
To grant my suit, and crown my hapless love ?

*Sophronia.* Why will you thus, Olindo, press  
to know  
What rising blushes must forbid to tell,  
And what, if told, can profit nothing now.

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*Olindo.* O say not so, Sophronia ; for if kind,  
Twill kindle in my breast such joyful rapture,  
So far exceeding all material fire,  
The flames without will not have pow'r to hurt  
me.

*Sophronia.* Since but two hours remain on this  
side death,  
Why shou'd I check the motions of my soul ?  
Yes, gen'rous youth, since for my sake you share  
The bitterness of death ; had heav'n so will'd,  
I cou'd have shar'd with you the sweets of life.

*Olindo.* Permit me, my Sophronia, on my  
knees,  
To look my thanks ;—for oh, the mighty rapture  
Speaks in my eyes, but falters on my tongue.  
Two hours the tyrant said ;—well, let it be—  
Two hours of joy like this is worth a life.  
Then welcome death,—these two blest hours shall  
be  
A foretaile of hereafter ; as a motto  
To the bright volume of eternal joys.

*Enter ISMENO.*

*Ismeno.* Captain, I hear commandment from  
the King,  
To part your pris'ners ; take Olindo hence,  
Until the pile be ready, and with me  
Leave you the fair Sophronia.

*Of-*

*Officer.* I obey.  
You hear my orders, Sir, be pleas'd to follow.

*Olindo.* Till now, O tyrant, I ne'er knew thy  
pow'r; But I perceive my happiness was such,  
That only to enjoy it two short hours  
Had been too much of bliss on this side heav'n.  
But, O Sophronia, tho' by brutal force  
They drag my lifeless body hence; my soul  
Shall rather part with that, than you.

*Officer.* Why, Sir,  
Will you constrain us to make use of force ?  
Soldiers, compel the pris'ner.

*(The soldiers offer to seize him; he snatches one of  
their swords, and drives them from him.)*

*Olindo.* Villains—fly:  
Nor tempt the desp'rate fury of my arm.  
Go, tell the tyrant, I oppose not death;  
But for the few short moments that remain,  
No pow'r on earth shall part me from Sophronia.

*Ismeno.* What ! dastards, do you fear a single  
arm ?  
I say, disarm the pris'ner, and remove him.

*(They fight for a considerable time, when at length  
OLINDO falls.)*

*Olindo.* Alive we shall not part ;—farewell,  
Sophronia ;  
I trust we soon shall meet beyond the stars:

*Ismeno.* He is not wounded much ; but faint.  
Through rage and loss of blood : the fire will  
wake him.

*Sophronia.* O he is dead !—stand off, ye cruel  
monsters ;  
Bears, wolves, and lions, if compar'd to you,  
Are kind and soft as tender hearted virgins.  
O let me bathe his body with my tears ;  
And if his fleeting soul is not yet fled  
Beyond recal—

*Ismeno:* Soldiers regard her not ;  
Force her away, and drag your pris'ners hence.

*Sophronia.* Yes, tear me—stab me—strike  
me to the earth  
A corpse like him—and I will call you kind ;  
But let me die with him,—for I will cling  
As long as life remains ;—which is not long.  
Now, now, I feel Olindo, I am coming.

(She faints, and the soldiers part them, and carry  
off Olindo.)

*Ismeno.* Ha ! I have been too rough : help,  
ho ! within,

Enter

*Enter the KING, and Attendants*

King. What means this cry ? tis ev'n as I  
thought ;  
Fool that I was, to put her in the hands  
Of one who has so long convers'd with Hell,  
That he's already more than half a fiend.

(To his Attendants,  
Go bear her gently in, and lay her down :  
With life-restoring cordials bring her back ;  
And when she wakes, add words of healing com-  
fort.  
Say, if she's wise, that all may yet be well.

(they bear her in.  
So wizard ! you have quitted well your office :  
That when I sent you on a gracious message,  
With gentle offers of our love and pardon,  
You have with cruel usage and fierce menace,  
Frighted her soul from out its lovely mansion.

Ismena. Most gracious Sov'reign, grant me  
patient hearing.

I had not yet the opportunity  
To speak the gentle purport of my coming.  
When first I enter'd in, I found the youth,  
Regardless of his fate, upon his knees  
Worrying her hand with all the eager joy  
Of happy love ; whereon I gave command,  
In strict obedience to your highness' order,  
They shou'd be parted—O cou'd you have seen  
How then they look'd ; pale, motionless, aghast,  
With

With fronts of horror, like the fabled Gorgon,  
 Silent they stood awhile, and trembled ;—each  
 Look'd at each, as if some vast concussion  
 Had shook heav'n, earth, and sea, and overwhelm'd  
 In one prodigious ruin, all around them.  
 At length the youth (rouz'd by the approaching  
 guard)

With eyes that seem'd to menace more than death,  
 Turn'd him, and snatch'd a weapon from the fore-  
 most ;

Which with such desp'rate brav'ry he maintain'd,  
 That long he kept his ground against them all :  
 Till worn with rage, and plenteous loss of blood,  
 (From wounds but slight) he fell into a swoon.  
 I bid 'em bear him off :—on which the maid,  
 Judging him dead, hung on him, till at length  
 With love and rage her spirits were exhausted,  
 And fainting, down she sunk, where you beheld her.

*King.* Ah, were they then so fond ? well, be it  
 so.

I have another bait to tempt her with,  
 Her lover's life ; 'twas all that she desir'd.  
 Rather than lose the object of my wishes,  
 I'll sacrifice resentment to my love ;  
 But not till ev'ry other means are try'd :  
 No, that shall be my last resource. *Ismeno,*  
 Go in, and see that she is kindly us'd,  
 And when she is restor'd, our self will be  
 The best explainer of our own intentions.

*Ismeno.* I go, dread Sire. (*Exit Ismeno.*)

*King.*

*King.* What contradictions meet  
 Within the breast of that strange riddle, man ?  
 For is't not strange, that in this little world  
 As in the great, so many rival pow'rs  
 Contend for sway : each passion in its turn  
 Mimicks the tyrant. Now fond love  
 Possesses all the mind, and fills the breast  
 With tender hopes, complacency, and joy,  
 In its soft down smoth'ring each rougher thought.  
 Again, up starts the fiery passion, rage,  
 And rends the soul with whirlwinds, storms, and  
 fury.  
 True, this is strange ; but is't not far more  
 strange,  
 That these two lusts, so opposite in nature,  
 Shou'd at one time reign in the self-same heart,  
 And in the self-same object both be fix'd ?  
 I feel 'em both at once : I love, and hate,  
 Burn to destroy, yet languish to possess  
 This dear, provoking, fair, audacious traitress.

So when the angry clouds, surcharg'd with rain,  
 Pour furious torrents o'er the smoking plain,  
 Jove's forked bolts display their subtle gleams,  
 And fire, and water, mix their adverse streams.

*End of the FOURTH ACT.*

ACT

## A C T V.

S C E N E I. SOPHRONIA, ISMENO, and  
Attendants.

*Ismeno.*

**T**AKE comfort, madam, you have been too hasty  
Else shou'd you not have had a cause to tax  
My usage with unkindness.

*Sopronia.* Yes, I own  
I've been in fault;—pardon me, gracious heav'n,  
Indeed I ought not to have been impatient.  
I know thy ways are always just and equal,  
And when with sorest strips thou dost afflict  
Weak erring man, thy love directs the rod.  
But tell me, friend, for I am now compos'd,  
Does the unhappy youth still suffer life?

*Ismeno.* He is recover'd.

*Sopronia.* I rejoice not at it.  
Reason anew resumes its wonted strength,  
Which was before, O shame! too near exhausted,  
Too much to feeble nature has been giv'n;  
But passion now has had sufficient vent.  
'Tis all subsided,—the delusion's o'er,—

*I view*

I view the world in a far diff'rent light,  
 And can perceive, that what I dreaded as  
 The worst of ills, had been the best of blessings.  
 Had he been dead, he had no more to suffer ;  
 But his pure soul had in the gates of bliss  
 Waited for mine ; howe'er, heaven's will be  
 done,  
 For me, I am prepar'd ;—why is my fate  
 So long delay'd ?

*Ismeno.* Madam, if I have skill,  
 Far from you is the fate you're threat'ned with.

*Sopronia.* If thou hast skill !—vain man, I  
 pity thee.  
 Better to know too little, than too much.  
 Thrice happy ign'rant in thy clay-form'd cot,  
 With innocence adorn'd, how blest art thou ?  
 Wholesome thy food—kind nature's genuine fruits,  
 By hunger sweeten'd—undisturb'd thy rest—  
 Making thy bed of straw, softer than down—  
 Pleas'd, and content, thy happy days glide on,  
 By health made cheerful, by employment short ;  
 Thou dost not waste thy time, and strength and  
 ease,  
 In the mistaken search of useless knowledge :  
 Nor dost thou seek by hellish arts to know  
 What heav'n in mercy has conceal'd from man.  
 Yet thou, untaught, art wiser than the learn'd,  
 For they but seek content, which thou enjoy'st.

M m

*Ismeno.*

*Ismeno.* O truth, how irresistible thy shafts !  
I meant to give you comfort, lady, but  
Perhaps another may have more success. (*Exit.*)

*Sopronia.* How kind is heav'n to mortals in  
distress !

O skill divine ! to make sharp-pointed grief  
An instrument of comfort—while my woes,  
Too strong to bear, banish'd the sense of pain,  
Bright heav'ly visions cheer'd my gloomy soul,  
And smooth'd my ruffl'd passions to a calm.  
Methought, a shining form aside me stood,  
Whose count'nce spake sweetness ineffable,  
And in benigdest accents thus address'd me ;  
“ Fear not Sophronia, hold thy virtue fast ;  
“ If great the conflict, greater thy reward ;  
“ If wise and patient, thou shalt shortly prove  
“ An happy change, from death to life and love.”

*Enter the KING.*

What can this mean ? the King, and unattended !

*King.* Leave me alone : [To the attendants.]  
Well, madam, I am come  
To see if still your sentiments remain  
Unchang'd by cool reflexion, and if death  
On nearer view, still wears that smiling aspect  
Your fancy drew him with.

*Sopronia.* It ill becomes  
The Majesty of Kings to stoop to insult.

Yet,

Yet, know that e'er I enter'd on this action,  
 In the impartial scale of truth I weigh'd  
 Th' events of life and death ; when, on the poise,  
 I found that death as far exceeded life,  
 As the rough diamond bits of shining glass.  
 The precious jewel hides its peerless lustre  
 In a coarse rugged coat, with pain remov'd,  
 But well rewarding all the pain it gives ;  
 While the smooth glitt'ring mimic only strikes  
 The vulgar eye, and charms with worthless beauty.  
 Nor was I partial ; for upon the side  
 Of happiest life, beauty and youth I plac'd,  
 Girded with strength and health, and bless'd with  
 riches,  
 Nay more, with fame, and friends, and conscious  
 virtue :  
 But ah ! the slave of froward nature still,  
 Still drawn by strong temptations, urg'd by passions  
 To num'rous follies, pois'ning all its joys  
 With sharp remorse and slavish penitence :  
 Then in the adverse scale grim death I cast,  
 And in his train, groans, shrieks, and cruel tortures ;  
 But bearing in his hand the key of heav'n,  
 Op'ning that door, where pain can never enter,  
 Passions delude, or folly cause remorse ;  
 Where perj'ry, fraud, and bold tyrannic pow'r,  
 No more shall vex the happy sons of virtue,  
 But all their former suff'rings shall be paid  
 With peace and love and joys unutterable.

*King.* Then life, it seems, thou hold'st not  
 worth acceptance,  
 And should our royal bounty condescend  
 To lay it at your feet, would'st spurn it from thee.

*Sophronia.* Not so, great King: tho' life is not  
the prize Christians contend for, still they know its value,  
And how, by rightly using, to improve it  
To all the purposes for which 'twas given,  
To gain a better far in blest reversion.  
'Tis therefore not to be despis'd, but held  
Till nature or till virtue bid us quit it.

*King.* Then, fair one, know, if you esteem it  
ought, There is a way, and but one way, to shun  
The fate to which you have been doom'd; and that  
Safe to your friends, and happy to yourself:  
But if perversely you refuse the means,  
And slight our offer'd grace, yourself will be  
Alone the author of your own misfortunes.

*Sophronia.* Far be it from Sophronia, royal Sir,  
To be unthankful for such gracious offers.  
Yes, on my knees I will accept the terms,  
And pray to heav'n for blessings on your head;  
Let them be such as will secure my friends,  
And not injurious to a christian's faith.

*King.* But think not in the number of your  
friends,  
That I include that rash presumptuous youth,  
Whose insolence death only can attone.

So-

Sopbronia. Let not my Sov'reign call it infolence,  
The fault was love's alone ; and surely that  
May for his rashness some indulgence claim.

King. It may from you---but from a rival's  
hand  
It merits nought but vengeance, flames and death.

Sopbronia. Your highness speaks a language  
so mysterious,  
I am not able to conceive its meaning.

King. I will explain it then : bright maid, I  
love thee.  
(Tho' for that love, I justly hate myself,  
Yet spite of me I love) ; and if thou'lt yield  
*(aside.)*  
Those strange bewitching beauties to my arms,  
I'll give thee life, and to that life I'll add  
Whatever power can give to make it happy.

Sopbronia. Nay then, Olindo, thou'rt lost in-  
deed :  
But tho' I cannot save thy precious life,  
'Twill give me joy to join with thee in death.

King. Talk not of death, I swear thou shalt  
not die.

O do

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O do but bless me with that heav'n of beauty,  
And thou shalt never know a future pang.  
Eternal pleasures shalt surround thy charms,  
Dance in thy sight, and wait upon thy steps :  
A thousand slaves obsequious to thy will  
Shall watch thy nod, and fly at thy command ;  
So great shall be thy splendor, thou shalt shine  
The envy of all daughters of the East,  
Thy palaces and gardens shall excel  
Whatever lying fame has yet describ'd :  
So great, so many, and so rich shall be  
The tokens of my love ; that when hereafter  
Some lavish poet has, in fancy'd lays,  
Describ'd a gen'rous lover, he shall say  
To sum up all,—he lov'd like Aladine.

*Sophronia.* Say, Monarch, can the mighty gifts  
thou offer'st

Silence the voice of censure ? will not men,  
Who see me deck'd in all the pomp of guilt,  
Say, this is she, who to a glorious death  
Preferr'd an abject life of wretched grandeur.

*King.* Now, by the Prophet's soul ! shou'd any  
tongue

But dare to stir against thy sacred fame,  
It shou'd be pluck'd by th' roots,—nay, cou'd I  
know  
That any heart did but conceive a thought  
To thy dishonour,—it shou'd never live  
To send it to the tongue.

*Sopronia.* Within this breast  
That rebel heart resides, that will not fear  
Thy mighty threats, nor heed thy offer'd bribes ;  
That rebel heart that holds in equal scorn  
Thy lawless passion, and thy lawless power.  
Before Sophronia's soul wou'd bear the taint  
Of foul dishonour,—with these feeble hands  
She'd rend,—deface,—and quench in her own  
blood,  
Those hated charms that kindled guilty flames.  
Know, tyrant, all the tortures thou cou'dst frame,  
Had been but harmless play, an infant's sport,  
Compar'd to this base insult thou hast offer'd.  
Yet, if within thy barb'rous breast remain  
One spark of pity, O indulge it now,  
Send me to death, and I will thank thy kindness.

*King.* No, fair perverse one, since I am that  
tyrant,  
I'll torture thee with life ; too plain I see  
Thro' all the cause of this affected rage,  
And will remove it soon : before your eyes  
The favour'd youth shall die ; and after that  
I will by force possess what thou deniest  
To gentle love and generous intreaties.

*Sopronia.* Thou can't not dare to be so black  
a devil ;  
And at a time when fate hangs over thee.  
But if thou shou'd'st, it is not in thy pow'r :  
Heav'n sees, and will prevent thy horrid purpose.

*King.*

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*King.* Thou may'st thyself prevent it, if thou  
wilt ;  
Be timely wise, and yield to my desires.  
'Tis fix'd, the youth must die for his presumption.  
But mark me well—the manner of his fate  
Depends on thee—if wisely thou comply'st,  
A gentle death awaits him ; but if not,  
I will revenge on him, thy scorn of me.

*Sopronia.* Tho' ev'ry pang th' unhappy youth  
must feel  
Shall in my breast be doubled,—yet I swear  
If in my sight you rack his tender limbs,  
Break joint by joint---and with the rage of hell  
Deny him long the privilege of death ;  
Yet will I stand, and pierce thy guilty soul  
With looks of sov'reign scorn---whilst ev'ry  
glance  
Shot from the eyes of injur'd innocence,  
All callous as thou art, shall sting thy breast  
With all the poignant tortures of the damn'd.

*King.* Since threats are vain, I'll try my last  
resource. [Aside.]  
Pardon me, lovely Maid, I did but mean  
To try how dear to thee the happy youth ;  
That if I found his death wou'd give thee pain,  
I might reward thy kindness with his life.  
Trust me, my angry fair, I wou'd as soon  
Leap into flames, or plant my breast with darts,  
Or yield myself a slave to hated Godfrey,

A<sup>s</sup>

As do an act to wound thy heart with grief.  
 O do but yield thee to my fond request,  
 And thy compliance shall be richly paid  
 With ev'ry pleasure that thy heart can wish :  
 I will embrace thy friends as they were mine ;  
 Nay, such shall be my generous affection,  
 That I will hold my rival in esteem.  
 Then cease your cruel scorn, and crown my love.

*Sopronia.* Heav'n only knows, how much my  
 soul desires  
 The safety of my friends, nor cou'd thy wit  
 Have us'd a more prevailing argument.  
 But, tyrant, know, thy boasted pow'r can reach  
 No farther than the grave ; in spite of thee  
 There shall Olindo's mortal part have rest ;  
 Whilst his immortal soul shall from the skies,  
 With that blest disposition thou ne'er felt'st,  
 Look down and pity thee. But shou'd I yield  
 My body to the most abhorred purpose,  
 Then thou might'st boast thou hadst destroy'd a soul.

*King.* Mistaken Maid, thy faith is too severe :  
 'Tis not so great a crime to yield to love.  
 Reject the rigid yoke of Christian bondage,  
 And let our holy Prophet be thy guide :  
 So shall thy mind be free from idle fears,  
 And love and innocence be reconcil'd.

*Sopronia.* Deluded Prince—thy poor inglorious aim  
 Rises no higher than the abject brutes ;

N n

To

To gratify the taste,--to please the eye,--  
 T' indulge the senses in their utmost lust,---  
 Is all thy present wish, and future hope.  
 Not so the Christian :--fir'd with nobler views,  
 His wide expanded mind can reap delights  
 Thou can't not comprehend :--his soul can taste  
 The pious extasies of love divine ;---  
 His eye be pleas'd, with viewing others bliss,  
 His pow'rs be all delightfully employ'd  
 In ev'ry act of kind humanity.  
 His present faith, and future hope is crown'd  
 With the bleis'd prospect of his maker's presence.  
 How weak must be that wretch that wou'd exchange  
 A faith so good,---so pure,--- so full of glory,---  
 To trust the sensual dreams of an impostor?

*King.* O'ercome with rage, thy reason is  
 subdu'd :  
 But tho' thy impious words do justly merit  
 That I shou'd henceforth leave thee to thy fate,  
 Yet is my love so loth that thou shou'dst suffer,  
 That I will try thee yet a little further ;  
 And give thee time to cool, and to thy aid  
 Will send the youth whose fate depends on thine.  
 This last indulgence of my gen'rous flame  
 See thou abuse not,---lest it prove too late,  
 That to fierce love succeeds the fiercest hate. [Exit.

*Sopbronia.* Is this the happy change the vision  
 mean'd ?  
 A change indeed, from death to life and love---  
 A life of infamy !---a tyrant's lust ! ---  
 Delusive dream, by magic art procur'd  
 To lead me most astray from virtue's paths.

How

How welcome art thou Death,--to me thou wear'st  
 An adgel's form,—array'd in purest robes  
 Of spotless chastity ;---thy friendly terrors  
 Are my most sure defence,---and when compar'd  
 To those of life, have nought that can dismay.  
 O take me,--shield me,--virtue's truest friend,  
 And waft me to the realms of endleſs rest !

*Enter Olindo, and runs to embrace Sophronia.*

*Olindo.* Once more, my fair, 'tis giv'n me to  
 taste  
 Of extasy on this side paradise.  
 O that my soul cou'd overleap its bounds,  
 And dwell within thy breast ! ---I wou'd enjoy  
 A closer union than e'er lover knew.  
 But, tell me, my Sophronia, for as yet  
 I cannot guess, whence came this happy change ?  
 The King himself commanded me to see thee ;  
 Nay more, he said, if I improv'd the favour  
 As he could wish, we both might yet be happy.  
 Is there an act a mortal can perform  
 I wou'd not do for my Sophronia's sake ?

*Sophronia.* There is an act, Olindo, which, I  
 judge,  
 Thou wilt not do, to save Sophronia's life.

*Olindo.* By Heav'n, it cannot be.---Were it  
 to leap  
 From Atlas' top into the foaming surge,  
 Which madly beats against its rocky foot,  
 I wou'd rejoice to do it.

*Sophronia.* I believe it ;  
 Nor did I doubt the zeal of thy affection :  
 But wou'dst thou (to preserve a shameful life)  
 Persuade me to give up my spotless honour,  
 Renounce our holy faith, and yield myself  
 The object of a hated tyrant's lust ;  
 Tho' by my foul disgrace thou shou'dst procure  
 The privilege of life and royal favour.

*Olindo.* He cou'd not surely think so meanly  
 of thee !---  
 Now, my Sophronia, ev'n to thy death  
 My soul is reconcil'd,--so I but share  
 The happy portion with thee :---thus to die  
 I wou'd not change for happiest life without thee.  
 But see, here comes some message from the King,  
 Nor shou'd it be an ill one by the bearer ;  
 Whose silver hairs, and rev'rend looks, command  
 Filial respect, and whose good counsels ever  
 Soften'd the tyrant into acts of justice.

*Enter Orcano.*

*Orcano.* Unhappy pair, tho' in your sight I  
 stand  
 A messenger unwelcome ; yet believe me  
 Your griefs hang heavy on my aged heart,  
 And almost weigh it down.---Soon as I saw  
*Thee*, hapless youth, a strange emotion seiz'd  
 My agitated blood, and from that moment  
 Thy safety has employ'd my anxious thought :  
 But all, I fear, in vain ; tho' from the King  
 I come, to urge thee to accept of life,  
 With pow'r to promise all thou can'st desire,

So

So thou but bring Sophronia to his wish.  
 This is my errand : but if you refuse,  
 He bids you both consider how you'll bear  
 To hear each other's shrieks, heart-rending groans,  
 And bitter ineffectual lamentations,  
 And by compliance to prevent these horrors.

*Olindo.* O rev'rend father, thou hast rais'd  
 indeed  
 A tempest in my breast : but tho' the thought  
 Is past description horrible ; yet never,---  
 O never, shall Olindo's coward tongue  
 Persuade Sophronia on such guilty terms  
 To save two wretched lives ; no,—let us die  
 If such the tyrant's will,---but we'll preserve  
 Honour unstain'd, and love inviolate,  
 And our pure faith unchang'd :--- the Pow'r we  
 serve  
 Can soften all our suff'rings, and reward them.

*Sophronia.* O noble youth ! thy virtues justly  
 claim  
 A bright reward ; so much I honour them,  
 That cou'd ought make me wish for longer life,  
 'Twou'd be, that I might share that life with thee.

*Orcano.* Illustrious pair, for your ill-sated  
 loves,  
 Greatly deserving of an happier fate,  
 Behold these tears roll down my furrow'd checks.  
 To see consummate virtue in distress  
 Shou'd soften flints, and make hard marble weep.  
 Pardon, unhappy youth, a poor old man—  
 Who feels for thee the dotage of a parent,—

If

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If in the fulness of my heart I ask  
Some tender questions, that shou'd give thee pain.

*Olindo.* I know not why—but my fond ears  
rejoice  
To hear thee talk ; and while thou soothest me,  
With tender pity,---I forget the cause.  
Whate'er it is, which thou desir'st to know,  
Most freely ask.

*Orcano.* Then tell me, noble youth,  
Hast thou a father living ? if thou hast---  
How inexpressible must be his woe !

*Olindo.* That blessing Heav'n has long depriv'd  
me of,  
Nor was the best of mothers long indulg'd me.  
My father, who was born and liv'd at Antioch,  
Determin'd on a change of situation  
To shun fierce persecution ; for which end,  
As all his little family and treasure  
Were travelling along, the caravan  
Was set upon by ruffians ; in the fight  
My father fell. A Troop of Saracens  
Dispers'd the villains ; and the caravan  
Pursu'd its journey to the nearest town :  
From whence my mother, overcome with grief,  
Never remov'd, but to her peaceful grave.  
But tho' no tender parents mourn my fate,  
I have a sister, who---

*Orcano.* Good Heav'n support me,---  
O my son, my son !---I cannot---cannot speak.

*Olin.*

*Olindo.* What means the good old man? help, my Sophronia.  
Was ever tender heart so full of pity?

*Sophronia.* His griefs for us have sunk him to the earth.

*Olindo.* How dost thou now, most kind and gracious father?

*Orcano.* O let me press thee in my feeble arms-- I am indeed thy kind and tender father-- And thou indeed--my lov'd -- but long lost son.

*Olindo.* O bounteous Heav'n!--am I so blest to find

In this most venerable godlik eman  
A living father?--how are all my woes  
Inmix'd with blessings! let me, with my knees  
Rooted to earth, gaze on thy rev'rend face,  
And crave a thousand blessings from thy lips;  
And let them half be pour'd on my Sophronia.

*Orcano.* May ev'ry blessing Heav'n reserves to crown  
The sufferer for virtue, light on thee,  
And on that mirror of created excellence,  
The fair--the chaste--the virtuous Sophronia.

*Sophronia.* Sophronia, rev'rend father, on her knees  
Returns her thanks, and wishes to deserve  
The praises thou so kindly hast bestow'd.  
To have my deeds applauded by good men  
Is (next to Heav'n) what most I wou'd desire.

*Olindo.* Tell me, my father,---by what wondrous means  
Thou art preserv'd,--and how thou cam'st to be,

Al-

Altho' a Christian, yet so high in pow'r  
 And favour with the King ?--O satisfy  
 Th' impatient cravings of my hungry soul.

*Orcano.* The tale, my son, is long, but thou  
 Shalt know  
 Enough to give thee ample satisfaction.  
 The troop of *Saracens* which thou hast mention'd  
 Belong'd to Aladine. They took me up  
 Cover'd with wounds, and scarce retaining life.  
 Six months claps'd, (my head being deeply hurt)  
 Before my perfect senses were recover'd ;  
 As many more before my wounds were heal'd :  
 Nor dar'd I own my name, or my religion,  
 Well knowing if I did I must give up  
 My precious freedom, and more precious hopes  
 Of joining once again, the dearest, best,  
 And loveliest of women, and of seeing  
 My much-lov'd children. Soon as I recover'd,  
 The officer, to whose humanity  
 Iow'd my life, presented me t' his master,  
 Who, for some liking he conceiv'd to me,  
 Was pleas'd ere long to give me a command,  
 In which success attended all my actions.  
 Meanwhile I caus'd all *Asia* to be search'd  
 To find my heart's sole treasure, but in vain ;  
 'Till now I ne'er heard tiding of her fate.  
 At length, by virtue of a stratagem  
 By me contriv'd, this city we recover'd, [years  
 Of which, thou know'st, the *Turks* had been eight  
 The masters. This counsel 'twas that gain'd me  
 The confidence that I have long enjoy'd,  
 And ever us'd to serve my fellow Christians.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes-*

*Messenger.* My Lord, the King impatient for an  
answer,  
Commanded me to hasten your return.

*Orcano.* His Majesty shall soon be satisfied.

[Exit. *Messenger.*

O cruel fate---O day of deep distress!--.  
Lost in the labyrinth of fond surprize,  
I had forgot thou wert consign'd to death.  
Can it be just, good Heav'n!---to torture thus  
A poor old man---tott'ring upon the verge  
Of life---worn out with sorrows and afflictions;  
This moment to discover to my view  
An only son---long lost --and much belov'd---  
Arriv'd at such a glorious height of virtue;  
And in the next---by an untimely death---  
To snatch him from my sight,---and burst my  
heart?  
But I will die with thee :---for tho' I know  
The King is cruel,---prone to fierce revenge,  
And deaf to gentle pity,---yet I'll go,  
Tell him my woeful story---and obtain  
Or your free pardon,---or the privilege  
Of being join'd in the same fatal sentence.

*Olindo.* O do not so, my father,---I conjure  
thee;  
For on thy life depends the Christians' safety.  
In vain our death shall save them from the sentence  
Of curst Isineno, if by thy discov'ry  
The King, enrag'd anew, resolve their ruin.  
Besides---thou hast a daughter young and fair,  
In whom her mother's charms are all reviv'd,  
Blooming and sweet as flowrets in their pride,

O o And

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And innocent as Eve, before she saw  
The tempting serpent ; wilt thou not preserve  
A life of such importance to her welfare ?  
And she shall comfort thee in all thy sorrows.

*Orcano.* Did ever virtue soar so high a pitch ?  
And then to lose thee,---Oh ! I cannot bear it.  
And yet thy tender arguments are such,  
As pull my heart-strings---yes, my lovely daughter,

I will give thee proof of strong affection ;---  
I will live for thee :--but do not doubt, my son,  
What words-- or more prevailing eloquence  
Of tears, can do---thy father will endeavour  
To melt the tyrant's heart---and who can tell  
But heav'n may for exalted virtue's sake  
Display a miracle, and teach him pity ?

*Olindo.* There is a favour in thy pow'r to  
gain,  
Which I wou'd fain enjoy,---the privilege  
To see my friends, and take a last adieu.

*Orcano.* For that my int'rest with the guard  
will do ;  
But on my heart I feel a sudden ray  
Of cheerful comfort dawn, and hope still lives,  
That I shall soon return with welcome news.  
Farewel, bright saint,—thou mortal excellence.—  
Farewel, my son.—O let me clasp thee close ;---  
What joy 'twou'd be to yield my vital breath  
Within thy arms !---farewel !---farewel, my son.

*Olindo.* Farewel,---thou best of fathers,---O !  
farewel. ( *Exit. Orcano.*  
Now

Now, my Sophronia, I can part with life  
 Without regret, since I shall leave my sister  
 So amply comforted; my fellow Christians  
 Restor'd to safety, and my friend Aristo  
 Sure in successful love to sooth his griefs.  
 And trust me, lovely maid, next to the joy  
 Of sharing life with thee, I wou'd prefer  
 To take our flight together to the skies,  
 Where our pure souls may ever live united  
 In the blest harmony of sacred friendship,  
 Free from the dread of any future parting.

*Sopronio.* Believe me, my Olindo, in that  
 hope  
 My soul rejoices; --- who'd not chuse to bear  
 A few short moments of corporeal pain,  
 Never to suffer more; --- rather than drag  
 A life of guilt, dishonour, and remorse?

*Enter Aristo and Amantia.*

*Amantia.* O, my Olindo,--father,--brother,--  
 friend;---  
 All that can merit duty, love, esteem;  
 Words cannot tell,---nor gushing tears express  
 The racking anguish of my tortur'd heart.  
 Ah, whither shall this wretched orphan fly?  
 All solitary on the earth, when once  
 Of thee bereft;---all that of gentle kindred  
 By Heav'n was left me:--and, O dreadful  
 thought!--  
 At what a time?---in what a savage place?---  
 Where persecution rages:---where a tyrant  
 Reigns over cruel sons of blood and rapine,  
 And adds command to barb'rous disposition.

O o 2 Yet

Yet this---and more,---beneath thy shelt'ring wing,  
 I had not felt,---secure in thy affection ;---  
 By thee sustain'd,---I cou'd have been content---  
 Tho' driv'n from sweet society, ---to range  
 In unfrequented woods,---to feed on mast,---  
 And in some dreary cavern make my bed---  
 Amid the howlings of the savage herds.

*Olindo.* Be patient, gentle sister---Heav'n has wrought  
 A miracle to comfort thee, and rais'd thee  
 A nearer and a dearer friend than me.  
 Soon shall thy arms embrace a real father,  
 Able to shield thy virtue, and reward  
 The pious gratitude thou shew'st to me.

*Amantia.* The artifice is kind, to try to lull  
 My grief with such fond hopes,--but I discern it.  
 O mock me not with hopes of friends and com-  
 fort ;  
 When thou art gone,--friendship and comfort  
 cease.  
 These eyes shall ever flow with scalding tears---  
 These lips shall weary Heav'n with their com-  
 plaints,  
 Till the great father of unbounded pity  
 Shall end my life and sorrows both at once.

*Aristo.* Dread Heav'n, whose ways, tho' far  
 above our sight,  
 Are infinitely wise, and just and good ;  
 Enable me, for this bright mourner's sake,  
 To bear with constancy this bitter conflict !

My

My sister,---and my friend,---O ! ye were all  
Besides Amantia, that my soul held dear ;  
Each day your op'ning merits charm'd my eyes,  
Ye still grew dearer to me than the last !  
Till ye were knitted so in my affection,  
That my best part of life was wrapt in yours.

*Enter an Officer, and Guards.*

*Officer.* Unhappy pair, I bear unwelcome  
news, And grieve to tell them ; but the King's com-  
mand

Is, that I lead you both without delay  
To instant execution : tho' Orcano  
With all the melting eloquence of tears  
Sued for your pardon ; but alas ! in vain ;  
The King remain'd unmov'd.---Wou'd it had  
been  
Another's lot to do this hateful office.

*Sophronia.* Your gen'rous pity, Sir, deserves  
Nor will we long retard you in your duty.

[Turning to her friends.  
The sharpest arrow in the hand of death  
Is separation from our dearest friends :  
Then cease to weep the rigour of our fate,  
Nor heed the momentary pains we suffer ;  
Since they shall be unequally repaid  
With glory's joyful never-fading crown.

[To Amantia.  
My lovely friend---once more within these arms  
Let me embrace thee ;---oft have we thus been  
In sweet affectionate embraces join'd ;

But

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But now to join no more;---farewell---long live---  
And with thy matchless beauties bless Aristo.

[To Aristo.]

My much-lov'd brother---dearer to my heart,  
By free esteem, than the strong ties of nature,  
Farewel;---comfort our aged parents, and com-  
mend

This my last act of duty to them :---strive  
To soothe their sorrows, and restrain thy own.

*Officer.* The King's commands were urgent to  
be quick.

*Olindo.* A moment's patience, Sir, and we at-  
tend you.

(To Aristo.)

My long lov'd friend---lament not for my death---  
Glorious the cause---and full of joy my hopes;  
I go to taste my dear Sophronia's love,  
When heighten'd to angelic :---let me press  
Thy social breast, and take a last adieu.

(To Amantia.)

Thou dearest---loveliest--kindest---best of sisters,  
In this last kiss once more we'll mingle souls.  
The last request thy dying brother asks,  
Is shortly to reward Aristo's love.  
I feign'd not when I promis'd thee a father;  
Quit not this place, and thou shall shortly see  
What comfort pitying Heav'n shall send. Fare-  
wel--

Till we shall meet again in happier mansions.

(*Exeunt Officer and Guards, carrying off  
Olindo and Sophronia.*)

*Amantia.* Ha! are they gone already---ere  
my tongue,

Kept

Kept down by rising sobs, could gain her freedom ?  
O they are lost for ever from my sight---  
And I shall never---never---see them more.  
Burst, my swoln heart---or stop my breath, ye  
sighs--

In pity take me from a world of woe--  
Where vice enjoys the privilege of virtue,  
And virtue suffers sorrow--shame--and death.

*Ariosto.* How shall I comfort thee, thou lovely  
mourner,  
When the same weapon strikes thro' both our  
hearts ?  
Yet let us call religion to our aid,  
Whose healing balm can soothe the sharpest griefs,  
Or teach us how to bear them with advantage.

*Amantia, (looking wildly).*  
Hark, how they crack!--see how the harmless  
lambs  
Lie smiling on the pile--as they but wish'd  
Their arms at liberty--that they might join  
In soft embraces to encounter death.  
Now--now--the flames ascend--hark how they  
shriek.  
The very Saracens are mov'd to pity :  
See !—ev'n the bloody tyrant's fiery eyes,  
Tho' made of burning flints, are melted down.

*Ariosto.* O grief on grief—unutterable grief !  
Her noble senses are dislodg'd by sorrow.

*Amantia.* See !—their unspotted souls, like  
milk-white doves,  
Now quit the flames, and mount aloft together.  
O leave

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O leave me not behind—ye lovely pair!  
Where are your wings, Aristo—let us follow—  
I know they'll rest on the first shining star,  
'Till we can rise and join them.

*Aristo.* This is worse  
Than death itself—have mercy, gracious Heav'n,  
Restore her senses, or take mine away.

*Amantia.* Ha!—they are out of sight—the  
envious clouds

Have hid them from us--well--I'll tell thee what--  
We'll sit us down beneath this cypress shade--  
And thou shall cut a channel in the ground,  
And we will weep into it--till it swells  
Into a brook--and then along its banks,  
The weeping poplar, and the baleful yew  
On either side we'll plant--and thou--and I--  
Will make our doleful habitation there.  
But first I'll lay me on this flow'ry turf,  
And rest a while, for I am wondrous faint.

[She faints.]

*Aristo.* Ah me, she sinks, I fear, no more to  
rise.

(Kneels down by Amantia, and supports her.)  
Amantia!—O thou sweetest, fairest flow'r  
In all love's garden—ope those charming eyes,  
Which like the beams of the bright morning star,  
Where'er they shone, usher'd in cheerful day?  
Awake, bright maid!--'tis thy Aristo calls--  
Whose soul so long has dwelt within thy breast,  
That without thee--he's but an empty shade.  
Alas! she hears not--why am I, just Heav'n,  
Mark'd out to bear the reddest bolt of vengeance?  
Were

Were e'er my hands imbru'd in guiltless blood?  
Did e'er my treach'rous heart conceive a thought  
To rob my neighbour of his wealth or fame?  
When did the wretch, consum'd with pinching  
waht,

Call down for curses upon my oppression?

If any heinous crime pollutes my soul,  
My punishment is just;--if not, look down,  
And with thy sacred pity heal my griefs.

(A shouting beard within.

What shouts are these?--curst be the voice of joy,  
Let solid darkness shroud the glorious sun,  
Such as long since devoted Egypt felt.  
In the surrounding air, from ev'ry side,  
Let dismal groans, sad shrieks, and fearful cries,  
With genuine horrors, scare the guilty world;  
Whilst I will lay me by thy side, sweet maid,  
And never rise until I rise with thee. (Lies down.

Enter Olindo, Sophronia, Orcano, and Christians.

Olindo. Where is my sister--where my dearest  
friend,  
To welcome me on my return to life;  
To happy life, since blest with my Sophronia.

Aribo. What do I see? can I believe my eyes?  
Olindo and Sophronia both restor'd!  
But I am past all joy—Amantia's lost.

Olindo. Forbid it, gracious Heav'n!—O my  
Amantia--  
My dear, dear sister--let the well-known voice  
Of thy Olindo wake thee--wake thee to joy--  
To reap a brother's love--a father's blessing--

P p

And

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And all the raptures of connubial bliss.  
By all my hopes she breathes--she stirs--she lifts  
Her precious eye-lids up--all will be well.

*Anantia.* Where am I wak'd ? is not this pa-  
radise ?

And are not these my brother and Sophronia ?  
And this most venerable good old man,  
Some angel whisper'd me he was my father.  
What joys surround me ? my Aristo too--  
And all my very worthy fellow Christians.  
If 'tis a dream, O may I never wake !

*Olindo.* No visionary joys delude thy sight,  
But all is real which thine eyes behold ;  
And long may'st thou enjoy the mighty blessings.  
In that dread moment when the blazing brand  
Was wav'd aloft to light the fatal pile,  
Heav'n sent a rescue :--A bright maid arriv'd,  
Renown'd thro' *Asha* for heroic deeds  
Perform'd in martial fields, with bold intent  
To aid the King with her victorious arms.  
Struck with so sad a spectacle, her eyes  
Shed melting pity o'er her lovely cheeks ;  
When asking, in few words, the standers-by,  
For what offence we suffer'd, be'ng inform'd,  
With gen'rous speed she seiz'd th' uplifted torch,  
And turning with fierce visage to the guard,  
Commanded them to stay the execution,  
Till from the King she could procure an answer,  
Or first to conquer her. Her daring speech,  
And still more daring port, enforc'd obedience.  
Let this suffice--that by her intercession  
(The King relying greatly on her aid)

Our

Our pardon was obtain'd ; which she requir'd  
To be the meed of all her future service :  
And, by our venerable father's counsel,  
The Christians have commandment to retire  
In twice twelve hours without the city walls ;  
Where he will find out means to join with us.

*Orcano.* Thus the dread pow'r who rules the earth and sky,  
Bids thunders roar, and dreadful lightnings fly ;  
With the same word commands the storm to cease,  
And speaks the raging elements to peace.  
Hence learn, ye sons of virtue, to engage  
Unmov'd the shafts of fate, or tyrant's rage.  
Boldly withstand, nor fear their vain design ;  
Tho' all the pow'rs of earth and hell combine :  
Beneath the hand of Heav'n those pow'r's shall fall,  
And virtue rise triumphant over all.

*End of the FIFTH ACT.*

L'esperance d'espous chaste et pur  
Qui n'a pas de la force de l'ame  
To pe le plus fort des hommes  
E P I L O G U E.

---

**T**H E witnesses are heard--the trial's clos'd--  
*The sentence in the jury's breast repos'd.*  
 The anxious culprit, with sagacious leer,  
 Surveys his judges looks, 'twixt hope and fear;  
 Full of Apollo, he discerns the part,  
 That each one singly ponders in his heart.  
*The man of learning, whose unsated mind*  
*Ranges the world of letters unconfin'd,*  
*Revolves within his breast the various rules,*  
*By Attic sages taught in Grecian schools:*  
*Pities the bard, and thinks, (and shakes his head)*  
*How shou'd be follow rules be never read?*  
*No modern Homer shall with daring flight,*  
*By Nature only reach perfection's height.*  
*No such ambitious hopes our bard enflame,*  
*He only seeks an humble share of fame.*  
 The beau, who like a mercury appears,  
 Prepar'd for flight, with wings above his ears:  
 With long lank skirts and cuffs, like those oft seen  
 On honest Roger of the vale or green,  
 (For thus capricious fashion decks her sons)  
 Half sop, half bumkin, mak compleat the dunce,  
 This motly critie in his fancy jwears;  
 Egad, I thought they'd all hav: gone to prayers,  
Shou'd

*Should we applaud this dull religious muse,  
Boxes may soon be bad as cheap as pews.  
The modish belle, who gives a law to taste,  
And boasts of ev'ry title--but the chaste.  
Thinks in her heart, bad she Sophronia been,  
She had not thought one word about the sin:  
Howe'er, concludes such plays can do no harm,  
The fewer who pursue, the better sport.*

*From such as these our author asks no bays,  
Alike to him, if they condemn or praise.  
But ye, whose eyes with modest lustre shine,  
Of inward virtues the apparent sign,  
To you he bows--nor will the God declare  
The awful judgment of the virtuous fair.  
Tis yours, ye bright Sophronia's of the age,  
To rescue goodness from the critic's rage.  
If you our pious heroine's choice approve,  
Beaus shall Olindos turn to gain your love;  
On merit only shall bright beauty smile,  
And piety restor'd adorn our Isle:  
Then shall success on British arms attend,  
And ev'ry Lover be his Country's Friend.*

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2 1 M 3

